

THE LADY'S Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1857.

THE SISTER-IN-LAW.

"THERE is no use in trying to live! I wish I had never been born, as everybody else has wished by spells. I wish I had never married! I wish, God forgive me, for I *must* wish it for a minute, to relieve myself! I wish my four children were started in a balloon for the kingdom of Heaven. I wish George would sail for California in the morning, and, above all things, I wish his old, misery-concocting sister was a dried up mummy. She is the most hateful mortal that ever was—the most trying—the most exasperating! Just as if I had not annoyances and trials enough, every day of my life, without her stirring gall into my food and drink, my sleeping and waking. O dear! people think I am amiable! they little know I want to cry and scream half of my time; and the agony of it is that I must keep still, and let it all burn me, and sting me, and break my heart! My poor darlings! the little lambs have their own troubles, in being sent out of the kitchen by Polly, and out of every other room in the house by their Aunt Violet! Violet! how did she ever receive such a name! She must have been disagreeable in her cradle. I don't wonder her husband died after they had been married three months. I've held in, and held in, and tried to be patient, and to act like a Christian; but I shall throw it all up some day, for the wickedness in my soul grows like an overwhelming flood. I know that George has been shocked forty times by my sudden, angry looks. He didn't think I was trembling from head to foot with a panting desire to break out into a torrent of wild words. O, if I had! God was merciful to save me from that! I would rather die than kindle in his heart a disrespect for me! She has robbed me of the soft and blessed influence I had over him once. He seems to see my faults with daily annoyance; but perhaps if I keep up, and try on and on, at some future time he will say, 'my wife had more virtues than faults.'

VOL. X.—17

But oh! the bitterness of it is, that he don't see my trials, and he has grown to look at me so much more coldly than of old, I dare not open my heart to him!"

Mrs. Wesley dropped her face upon the pillow of the bed upon which she sat, and abandoned herself to fresh sobs. She had rushed to her room from the breakfast table, and after a deluge of sudden tears, had lifted her head to deliver the above soliloquy, *sotto voce*. What was her trouble? Nothing remarkable. Her husband had returned late the evening before, from a distant city, where business had called him for a few weeks. She had risen very early that morning to look after the breakfast, and to put some especial touches upon the toilettes of the children, as their father had only seen them asleep the night before. His tenderness and joy at meeting her seemed like old times, and her hopeful heart sprang up and blossomed beneath it. She had said to herself, with smiles:

"I will keep his approbation; I will exhaust all my thoughts in keeping up the external harmony of the household, that little things may not divert from me his sunshine."

When the breakfast was ready, and three of the children, in clean dresses, faces, and aprons, flocked into the room at the sound of the bell, the wife and mother looked bright as they, for she thought all was right; and Aunt Violet herself must have had a sense of comfort, as she looked upon the table's neat appointments, and especially upon the vase of natural flowers that bloomed in the centre. The family sat down, and as Mr. Wesley carved the steak, he jestingly said to his eldest daughter, who was twelve years old, "well, Janette, I suppose you cooked this steak—you've learned about everything since I've been gone, haven't you?"

"Not quite!" she laughingly answered.

"The useful arts will not occupy a very large share of Janette's education, I presume!"

(257)

remarked Aunt Violet. "She inherits a love of pretty things rather than practical things. Did you arrange those flowers for us to eat, Jennie?"

"Ma told me to; she altered them a little," said Janette quickly, yet there was a sound in her voice, as if she were on the defensive.

"I thought I recognized sister's taste!" responded Aunt Violet gently.

Mr. Wesley cast a sudden look at the flowers, a look of disapproval. His wife saw it, and blushed, for she had noticed the smiling "Ha!" with which his eyes encountered them at his entrance into the room. She remembered well that once every evidence of her refined tastes had met with a delighted welcome from him. After a few moments' silence he said, in a kind tone, "If Janette is inclined to give undue value to the fancy, at the expense of such sterling acquirements as make a home comfortable, we must take that into the account, Caroline! Isn't it about time she was learning something in the kitchen department?"

"Perhaps it is," returned Mrs. Wesley, pouring out a cup of coffee.

"Why, mother, I know how to do more things than Bell Weaver, and she's just my age," said Janette, eagerly. "You showed me how to make sponge cake yesterday."

"Cake!" repeated Aunt Violet. "I should say that bread should be the rudimentary lesson."

"I made a loaf all myself the day before! There! and Polly said it was as good as hers!" cried out Janette, perty.

"Janette!" exclaimed her father, "you must speak more respectfully to your aunt; she understands what is for your good."

"Jennie don't know that she *did* speak improperly, brother."

"Strange she don't!"

Janette, who was sensitive, tried to eat, and then tried to drink down the heat that swelled up in her throat at her father's rebuke; but her efforts proved a failure, and her mother saw it, as two great tears rolled over the child's cheek.

"Go see if the baby has wakened, dear!" said Mrs. Wesley. Janette beat a retreat before her father suspected how she felt.

"That child's manners certainly don't improve," he remarked.

Mrs. Wesley wanted to say that her aunt should create love and respect, as she herself did, in the child's heart, then her manners would not be so much at fault towards her; but she held her peace. Aunt Violet dipped

her spoon in her coffee, and was in the act of sipping, when she suddenly cried, "oh!" and set her cup back, saying: "I believe I won't drink fly soup. I suppose it was in the sugar."

"Shall I give you a fresh cup? Johnny, throw this away," said her sister-in-law, who knew very well that the fly was not in the sugar.

"Come here, old fellow," said Johnny, with considerable interest. "I see you crawl in!" He disappeared, and returned in a moment.

"No more," remarked Aunt Violet, smoothly; "the coffee is browned or burned a little too much for me."

Mr. Wesley looked with the "married man's eye" on his wife, and tried the first taste of his second cup. "It is a little burned, I guess." However, he drank it all, and would not have discovered any defect in it, had not his attention been wide awake for the purpose. Aunt Violet swept away from the table in her silk dressing gown, after having pecked at her food as if it had no relish for her. She certainly did look very graceful and stately, as she went towards the door, and her brother looked after her with admiration, as she aid to his wife, "Carrie, why don't you wear such a dressing gown mornings? You know you can have what you please. I don't care what it costs, provided it's becoming, like Violet's."

"You thought this was becoming once!"

"Gingham looks cheap!"

"But, George, nothing else is suitable, with the children clinging to me perpetually. I have a silk dressing gown, made exactly like Violet's; but I wear it only upon particular occasions. I'll put it on to-morrow morning."

"Caroline! we must turn over a new leaf with Janette. Perhaps you might profit by some of Violet's suggestions. She has excellent judgment, and there are few women more elegant, if I, her brother, say it. It was a little too bad about that coffee. Violet likes things about right. Seems to me I wouldn't have flowers on the table again!"

The wife strove to keep back her tears, and succeeded; but she felt that all the peace that might have been enjoyed that morning had been slain, as of less importance than many minor considerations.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, dear," continued her husband, "but I've thought sometimes that you have not taken Violet's gently expressed ideas in the best spirit. You obey the letter of politeness, but the looks, the manner is a little —"

"She has the advantage of me!" uttered

Mrs. Wesley, between a sob and a choke. "I look as I feel—I can't help it!"

"As you *feel*!" he coldly repeated. "Why, Caroline, do you indulge feelings of—feelings that are not cordial towards my sister?"

She rose, dashing away her tears with one hand, and hastened to her room, where we found her. Mr. Wesley went to the dining-room window, took up his paper, and thought to himself, "This is very unpleasant! both are charming women. Why can't they agree? Violet has always been my pride, and Caroline has a world of lovely traits; but she has her faults. I don't believe she manages those children in the best way—there is a pertness about them that I didn't notice formerly. Violet probably sees that Caroline is careless in her duties. I've seen her look at Johnny, sometimes, with surprise, when he goes about with a rent in his jacket or mud on his pants. It is a mother's duty to see to these things. There! that baby is screaming like all-possessed, in the nursery, and Caroline is in her room! I wonder if she's crying! I hadn't the courage to look at her when she escaped, or I should have petted her. I feel that it's my duty to speak my mind, if she does feel badly. Poor child! I want go to her! no! I want! We must have a reform! The baby has quit her music now; that nursery-maid must have the charge of her a good deal to quiet her so soon. Violet has intimated as much. Time was when I thought Carrie was a perfect little creature; but it takes a woman's intuition to learn what a woman lacks. Married life is full of cares, particularly when a man must look after his wife's doings. It weighs on me. I believe I'll be looking over papers in this corner, and stay an hour or two to see how things go on." Mr. Wesley removed his chair, so that he was rather concealed by the door, and took some letters and papers from his pocket. In a moment his wife crossed the dining room to the nursery, leaving the nursery door open. She had wept her most wicked feelings away, and her soul was living on the manna of prayer.

"Go take your breakfast, Biddy," she said to the nurse. "I've kept you waiting a little. Give me the darling!" The baby fretted restlessly while she gave her her fresh morning bath; but the mother's tender, cooing voice, had a tone that struck a remorseful chord in the listener's heart; there was a pathos, a pity in it that affected him. Johnny rushed into the dining room, and then into the nursery, with the exclamation, "Ma! Ma! Aunt Violet

says you ought to give me butter on my bread; can I have it at dinner time?"

"No! you remember you told a story, and I said you must go without butter a week. That will keep you from forgetting, won't it? I want you to have butter, dear, very much; I feel sorry for you; but if my boy should grow up a liar, it would make Father and Mother very unhappy."

"But Aunt Violet said I *ought* to have it!"

"Well, Aunt Violet feels sorry for you. Think a minute, Johnny! If I should let you have it, after I said you should not, I should tell a lie too, and the dear Lord would be so sorry that I had broken his commandment. I should be as naughty as you, and you wouldn't want your mother to be wicked, would you?"

"No! you couldn't be wicked, could you, Ma?"

"Why, I *could*, dear; I have to try every day so hard to be good. Sometimes when you don't mind me right away, a wicked feeling comes in my heart, and I pray the Lord to make me patient, so that the feeling won't come into your heart, so you must try to help me, and I'll help you. Now, if you are resolute about the butter, and if nobody can persuade you to take it, I shall think you want to be a truth-telling boy, and that you are anxious never to do such a wicked thing again."

"I don't want it! Why, I wouldn't have it if I could get a — oh! if I could get a million dollars' worth. I can have it next week, can't I?"

"Yes!"

"When I go to Uncle John's, this afternoon, I musn't have any, must I?"

"No!"

"Where's Jennie?"

"She's making her bed; she's been crying!"

"Tell her I want her!"

Johnny went whistling through the dining room, and in a moment Janette entered her mother's presence with an "Astronomy" in her hand.

"Where are the words, Jennie, that you wanted me to pronounce?"

The child laid her slender fingers silently upon the lower part of the page, and Mrs. Wesley pronounced the doubtful terms. Then she gently pressed Janette down on her knees, saying, "See! the baby is delighted to see you!"

Janette kissed Liby's velvet cheek and pretty hand, while her mother stroked her dark hair, and then rested her cheek upon it.

"Do you know your lessons, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am! Do you think Father was very angry with me, Mother?" She buried her face in the baby's lap.

"He was disappointed at your tone of voice. You must bear in mind what I have told you about your demeanor to Aunt Violet, and all older persons."

"She's so hateful! she's as ugly to you as she is to us children, Mother!"

"Ah! Janette, she's your father's only sister. You know she gave you that silver arrow for your hair; you mustn't be ungrateful."

Janette closed the nursery door, so that her father heard no more of that conversation, but as the two servants passed to and fro from dining room to kitchen, not observing him, he was regaled by their freely expressed opinions.

"Aunt's what I call one of the domineering sort!" said Biddy. "I never did a thing that suited her yet!"

"Neither did I!" echoed Polly, "she's the most *peticklar* person I ever see, she sets the whole house by the ears."

"Don't you know how I sweated ironing that white frock of her'n! I was determined she shouldn't pick a flaw in that. Miss Wesley said herself it looked beautiful, and that there woman, instead of praising me for trying so hard to please her, sent me down stairs to kindle a fire and iron out one wrinkle that she'd found, as wide as a pin. Now, when Miss Wesley finds fault, she does it so gentle-like, and when we do anything extra nice, she looks so pleased, just as though she knew what it was to try to please folks herself. We don't have a harder time with Aunt than she does, Poll, and we know we can leave, but she's tied to her as long as she's a mind to stay. If she was the mistress, I guess she wouldn't see us here long!"

"When she comes in the kitchen I want to open the windows to get a breath of air, the minute she's gone!"

"So do I, when she comes in the nursery. If Miss Wesley hadn't a little spirit with all her quiet ways, she'd walk right over her. She's always telling her to do things, as if she was a child, and didn't know anything! the worst of it is, she spiles the children, she's always getting 'em in a fret, and then saying they haven't any training."

The wind blew the kitchen door shut, and Mr. Wesley heard no more. "Good heavens!" he cried, starting to his feet, "is it possible that Violet is the one who is so faulty after all? Poor Carrie! she's been on the point of

telling me about this a dozen times, I know, and I've stopped her by my manners. The little darling saint! she's trying to be so patient and good with it all."

He entered the nursery, and saw by the flushed cheeks and soft eyes of mother and daughter that their conversation had been pure and tender. Janette rose to her feet, and would have glided from the room, but her father encircled her waist, and kissed her forehead with an affectionate "Good bye, Daughter!"

She cast her arms around his neck, and answered, "I will try, dear Father, to be all you and Mother want me to be. I'm going to ask Aunt Violet to excuse me!" and she went.

"Did you recommend her to do so, Carrie?" asked Mr. Wesley.

"No!" she replied, rising to place the sleeping Liby in her crib; "Jennie is hasty and undisciplined, but her faults are on the surface, and when that is the case there is hope; her sense of right and wrong is very keen."

"And that sense is more beautiful than any other, Carrie!" he put his arm around her as if to lead her to her chair; the old Adam rose up, and she *did* want to be dignified, and appear as if she didn't care about going there; she picked up Liby's night dress, and folded it, then she gave it a toss to the further end of the bed-room, looked in his face with a smile and a glistening tear, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"I was unjust to you, Carrie, this morning. I've been playing spy, to find out how matters really stand here. Don't you feel ashamed of me? I feel like a perfect sneak myself, but I had an idea that nothing went right, and I was determined to find out what amount of distress I was to carry henceforth, on account of my family. I see, dear, that I have of late looked at you from Violet's eyes, instead of my own. Come sit down with me!" They sat in the rocking-chair, but Miss Wesley kept her head pertinaciously on her husband's shoulder; he attempted to lift it, but finding that it went down tighter than before, he let it be, and proceeded with his discourse. "You must forgive me, darling, that I have not perceived before that Violet has not that love for others that she has for me!"

"She worships you!" came from the shoulder.

"And you have been pained by her a thousand times, Carrie, and I have usually sided with her, because we always thought highly of her judgment, in all matters, at home. You have been very forbearing, and I wonder now

that you have been able to preserve such angelic feelings. I heard what you said to the children!"

"Oh, dear, George!" and she sat up and looked at him; "I didn't preserve angelic feelings, that's the mischief of it; you have seen me after a battle, when victory came in answer to prayer."

"But I wonder, darling, that you did not enlighten me!"

"I was waiting for an opportune mood in you! when I saw that you were unjust to me, pride hardened my heart, and although I preserved an outward amiable demeanor, I reserved the frankness that you did not seek; then my guardian angel warned me not to rob you of the power of loving Violet as formerly; I knew too well that I should paint her to you in exaggerated colors. Oh, how often I wished that you would fold me to your heart, with a true appreciation of my position, and say, 'Let us see Violet as she is, and try together to make the best of her peculiarities, knowing that we have great faults to be borne with.'"

"Your faults, sweet love, are such as must be lost sight of when you are fairly seen."

"No! I used to think I was better than I find myself. I wished with all my soul this morning that you and I had never met; I reproached you in my thoughts for being the means of burdening me with the heaviest cares woman can know, and then having no mercy on me because I was not as elegant as Violet, when she has only elegancies to attend to, and no homely duties and incessant demands upon all the virtue within her."

"You wished we had never met!" repeated Mr. Wesley, growing pale. "Ah! Carrie! I never wished that! I have loved you down in my heart, to idolatry, and I never loved you so deeply as at this moment."

"Still, George, let me make 'a clean breast of it.' Let me tell you my sorrowful struggles and temptations, that you may not unwillingly drive me to combats with heaven and hell every day; such cruel combats *must* brush the dew from love. You men have a fatal egotism that leads you to think we love on *the same*, if you turn and caress us occasionally, after having lost the early patience and consideration with which wedded life was commenced. I knew all the time that if robbers carried me away from you, or if any other catastrophe happened to me, you would grieve as passionately as if we had been parted on our wedding morning. All the romance of our love gilded our home until Violet came, six months ago;

since then, although you have at times been just as fond, there have been other times when I felt in my heart that you were on the *quiver* for a dozen blemishes in your poor Carrie. Violet never was pleased with our marriage, because I was poor, and had not the prestige of position; she considers it an unspeakable meanness in me, that I had no silver plate to bring my husband."

"Impossible!" uttered Mr. Wesley fervently, clasping his wife to his heart as if he would squeeze her to death, and showering a thousand kisses upon her eyes, cheeks, lips, and forehead. "And yet, I see that you are right, Carrie, for Violet is proud, and thinks too much of fortune and fashionable society. She and I have not lived together in so many years, that I have only regarded her as the lively, beautiful sister who lavished love upon me. I must love her still, but if she makes you unhappy, as I have learned she does, we must be separated, and yet she has no home so suitable as this."

"She must live with us until she is married, as she will probably be in the course of the year, and you must be just as kind and considerate towards her as ever; please not notice her remarks if they reflect on me unfavorably, because if you are satisfied with me, and believe that I strive to act and feel aright, the sting will be taken from all my annoyances. I think she can never love me, but we will try to get along as well as possible. And George, don't, don't seem captivated with me before her, you know!"

George, instead of smiling at this, looked remarkably grave! Carrie saw it, but was not discomposed, as she waited in expectation of a remark from him; it came:

"I see, Carrie, that you don't love me quite *the same*, or you would not wish—do you?"

"O, I guess I can manage to love you a trifle yet, if you behave yourself!" she responded, laughing with the old girlish mischief. "But suppose I had got to such a pass that I couldn't! I wanted to scare you a little!" She looked so arch and radiant, from the gladness in her soul, that her husband thought she was the loveliest thing God had ever created. The fourteen married years that had taken from the bloom of her cheek had not stolen from her the child-like freshness that lived perennially in her heart; they had enriched, and polished, and glorified her, and she sprang up from trials as the Violet smiles after the thunder-shower. She regained more than the old place in her husband's estimation, for his generous

and truly loving heart was stung whenever he remembered that he had suffered the fault-finding spirit of his sister to fall like a shadow over the brightness of his wife. Aunty mar-

ried and left the family after a few months: the parting was extremely polite and smiling on all sides.

S. A. WENTZ.

THE MILLER.

BY MEETA.

KATIE and I went to the mill
One sunny April morning,
When little streams ran gushing out,
When little buds began to sprout,
And land their sweet adorning.

We saw the miller 'mong his bags,
So young, and stout, and cheerie;
Ah! who could view his stalwart size,
His comely make, his bonny eyes,
Nor wish to be his dearie!

Sweet Katie has a dainty waist,
And looks like any rosie,
But I am brown as hazel-rind,
And saucy, when I have a mind,
As sinful, nettle posie.

Katie, when we came away,
Kissed to him her fingers;

Now, when we go to drive our cows,
Or call the workmen from their plows,
She sees the mill, and lingers.

He cannot choose but love her dear,
For she's his rich Martin's darling;
But I, her father's bounden-maid,
Alack! the miller ne'er was made
To mate with me, poor starling!

Heigho! I'll sit me here, and dream
Amid this fragrant clover;
"Yes, dearie, dream the miller's heart
Feels what a prickly sweet thou art,
And pleads to be thy lover."

Blushing, she turn'd—two frank brown eyes
Looked from the long grass, beaming;
Now on the miller's breast she lies,
The little maid, and laughing, cries
"Tis very sweet, this dreaming!"

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY LILIE A. BROSS.

TREASURED relics! leaves and flowers—
Tokens of life's happy hours;
Myrtle blossoms, rosebuds fair,
Twined with wreaths for sunny hair;
Sweet bouquets, of every grade,
Gathered from Love's rural shade;
Though ye now are faded, dead,
With your sweetest perfume fled,
Breathe ye still of hearts that lie
Where the sore leaf nestles by;
Haunt ye memory's hallowed dream,
With a consecrated theme!

Holy treasure of the past,
Scenes too beautiful to last,
Softly thrilling tones of song,
Borne by Summer's breath along,
Soul-lit eyes of melting hue,
That from heaven their lustre drew,

Fair white hands, and locks of gold,
That an angel's beauty told,
Moonlit walks, and aspen bowers,
These ye tell of, withered flowers!

But there comes a whisper low,
Gentle as the streamlet's flow,
From each dry and dewless leaf,
Hushing every sigh of grief,
Breathing of that garden fair,
Where affection's flowers, rare,
Spring into perennial bloom,
Far beyond the blighting tomb:
Voices from the "better land,"
Loved of many a household band,
Linger round these rustling leaves,
In the song the South wind weaves!
Though ye tell of bright hopes riven,
Point ye to a glorious heaven.

CANOVA'S FIRST ATTEMPT,
OR
THE MASTER-PIECE OF SIDE DISHES.

Nor far from the rich palace of the Faleri, at Possaquo, in the Venitian States, was a little cottage.

It belonged to the aged Pasino, a mason. One evening, weary with his toil, and eager to rest, Pasino had thrown himself upon his pallet, and was sound asleep in five minutes, like those only for whom hard work earns the blessed privilege of sound sleep.

Suddenly a loud noise of knocking, kicking, pounding, shaking, and other extraordinary commotion, was heard at the door of the cottage, which, not being originally very strong, and being of anything rather than recent construction, would certainly have sprung from its hinges, had not Pasino hastened as fast as his venerable legs would carry him, and not without some fears as to who might be his visitor, to open the door.

In spite of the darkness, which prevailed out of doors as well as within, the good mason could distinguish the beautiful face of a little boy gleaming through the darkness.

"What is your name, and what do you want?" demanded Pasino, in a surly voice, such as was justifiable, considering what a nice nap he had been waked from.

"Antonio, and I want to come in," replied the boy, answering both questions in one breath, as they had been asked.

"What Antonio, and what do you want to come in for?" returned the mason, who seemed determined to condense matters as much as circumstances admitted of.

"I am your little grandson, grandpapa."

"You! I declare it is my little Antonio! What brought you here?" exclaimed the mason, suddenly changing his tone of voice, taking the boy by the hand, lifting him from the ground, and despite the darkness endeavoring to read in his little dimpled face the motive for his nocturnal visit.

"Well! why don't you speak? Why did you leave your mother? Is she sick? Did you make her angry? Did she send you away from her?"

"No, grandpa, I took myself off."

"You took yourself off! Upon my word! What did you do that for?" replied the old man, re-entering the hut, and striking a flint in order to light a lamp. "You took yourself

off, did you? Santa Madonna! why did you leave your mother?"

The flint having struck fire, Pasino lit a lamp, which he placed near the child, and began again assiduously to examine his face. Then he perceived, for the first time, that he was crying, and that he had a little bundle tied to the end of a stick, which was slung over his shoulder.

"I could not stay another minute at home," said the child, throwing down his bundle, and pitching the stick after it. "I was no longer the master in my own house—another person had taken my place, and undertaken to order me about. Oh! that Venetian is a horrid rascal! If I were but ten years older—only ten years older, grandpa, I would have shot him as dead as—as last year's fish! Yes, indeed, grandpa! I declare I would! Oh! dear! I wish I was a little more than eleven years old!"

"Well, I never heard anything to match this child since I was born!" said the grandfather, laughing at this tremendous explosion of boyish anger, and kissing little Antonio. "So you're determined to be 'master in your own house.' Good! Bravo! I like that!" and the worthy mason laughed till his old sides shook.

The child looked intently at him with his large, serious, and intensely brilliant black eyes, and a singular gravity spread itself over his lovely face, giving it an appearance of premature pathos and sensibility.

"My father when he was dying left me, an only child, to my mother's care; so that you see, grandpa, I am the head of the family now." Here the noble child stood erect, lifted his head haughtily, and putting his little hands behind him, as he had seen his father do, he began to take large strides up and down the narrow room."

Pasino laughed till his sides ached, then recovering his breath by degrees, he replied:

"And a fine family it is, certainly. A splendid establishment, to be sure! Four miserable acres of land, a little clay and a little straw! If you had a palace like the Faleri, you might take on airs!" The old man by this time was so interested in contemplating his handsome little grandson, who was the pride of his

heart, that he had forgotten that it was midnight, and that he had had but little sleep.

"The Falleri! the Falleri!" answered the boy, shaking his splendid curls back from his shoulders, with a toss of his head which made the brown locks glitter like gold in the feeble lamp-light, "One may be of lower birth than the Falleri, and be a man of courage!"

"Tell me, Antonio," said Pasino, wiping away the tears which laughter caused to run down his cheeks, "don't you want some supper?"

"No, I'm not hungry."

"But you must be hungry! You have come on foot all the way from your mother's house."

"A great journey, to be sure! three miles! Pshaw, that's nothing!" and Antonio stretched his legs with an air of a "man" who was accustomed to such achievements, and considered them mere trifles, unworthy of mention.

"Well! now tell me how you got away, and why you went so suddenly, and all about it?"

"Well! Grandpa," said the child, drawing a long breath, as if to inhale sufficient breath to enable him to relate a narrative several hours' long, "you know Mamma has married again, and that her new husband is that horrid ugly Paesillo. What first hurt my feelings was her not being called Signora Canova any more. 'Signora Canova,' now how pretty that sounds! What a nice name it is! Is it not, Grandpa?"

"Yes! Well! go on!"

"Besides, it is my name—my own name, and it is shameful for a mother to have one name, and her son another."

"Well! well! Finish your story, for I am going to sleep again in spite of myself, and I think I had better go back to bed." So, keeping his eyes open with an immense effort, the old man climbed slowly into bed again.

"Well, besides that, as soon as Master Paesillo set foot in the house, there was an end to anything like peace. Everything changed entirely. In the first place, nobody took the least notice of me. Nobody dressed me, or curled my hair. I had to do the best I could; and half the time my clothes were on wrong side before." (The poor child, in fact, looked, as the saying is, "as if his clothes had been flung at him.") "I had no longer nice little tit-bits for dinner, nor any large lumps of garlic, or the biggest onion, or the biggest olives. Those were for Master Paesillo, and I might take what I could get. Then, when I got angry, nobody took any pains to quiet me; if I pouted I was left to pout. Pouting, of all things, you know, Grandpa, is the most tire-

some in the world, when nobody comes to you, and says: 'What is the matter, little Antonio; come and get some nice supper, or some good dinner.' No, not anything of the kind. It was, on the contrary, this way: 'You don't choose to dine; let it alone then—you don't want your supper; please yourself, sir.' So I did neither one thing nor another. I took a solemn resolution. I said to myself, 'I have a dear old grandpa, who is all alone by himself, who loves little children, who lets me do just as I please when I go to see him; well! I will go to him! there, at least, I shall be master!' You haven't gone to sleep, Grandpa, have you?" Antonio now stood on tip-toe, in order to peer into the high bed where his grandfather lay.

"No, I'm not asleep, my boy. You must go to bed; there is a nice fresh layer of straw in the corner, and since you are so resolute about being master, I will teach you some of these days to be a master-mason."

"Oh! as for that, I am not ambitious to be one!" replied the boy. "It is not at all amusing."

"You will see—you will see what a nice trade it is."

"Pooh! nothing from morning till night but laying one stone over another, and so on all the week, and the year round."

"You would like to handle marble, I suppose, most noble Prince, instead of building with stones."

"Well, marble is white and pretty, and much nicer to handle than stones," replied Antonio.

"There, go to sleep, you saucy fellow, and let me have my nap out."

On the morrow, Pasino awoke Antonio, and after each had addressed a short prayer, and taken a short repast, they set out to go to the Falleri palace, where for several days past the mason had been working on a wall which had been sealed by robbers, and injured by the shots which had been fired after them.

But the poor old mason endeavored in vain to keep a strict watch over his grandson, and repeated to him in vain, "mix this mortar; pick off this lime; pile these bricks; arrange these stone; or fill this hod." As soon as his back was turned, Antonio made a Punchinello with the mortar, or a nymph with the lime, and only used his grandfather's trowel to shape the clay, of which he constructed all sorts of faces. As he was slight and delicate, and as grandfathers are almost always of the same way of thinking as their grandsons, Pasino only pretended to be angry, and then Antonio would say:

"But, Grandpa, you see I am tired to death."

"Well, but what are you so busy at work upon, then?"

"A Virgin Mary, with a child Jesus in her arms."

And then the old mason, who could not perceive that the wonderful production was anything more than a shapeless lump of clay, would exclaim about the beauty of the Virgin, or the gracefulness of the child Christ, and pretended that his grandson would one day be a famous artist, able to build palaces, perhaps even a splendid palace for the great Faleri family. "Stranger things than that have happened," said he.

The little statue, although moulded in rough clay, was executed with a wonderful degree of artistic genius. The face of the Virgin was moulded with exquisite symmetry; the limbs of the child were in good proportion, and the drapery of the larger figure arranged in folds, which seem to be formed of some light and graceful material. The old mason was no connoisseur in statuettes, or he would have arrested his little grandson's hand, as from time to time, dissatisfied with his work, or finding some new idea in his ever ready imagination, Antonio demolished the pretty models, one after another, saying each time he destroyed one, "I wish I were a man!" Finally, after he had constructed a devil, of clay, which he called Master Paesillo, and which he embellished with a pair of large horns, and a forked tail, the two repaired to their humble home, Antonio carrying in his hand the devil of clay, which he scolded at, and threatened to beat, from time to time, and at last went wearily to bed, assuring his grandfather that he had not known so happy a day since the original of the statuette had first made acquaintance with his mother.

Now, one fine day, the feast-day dedicated to a celebrated saint, I think it was St. Cecilia, the Duke Faleri gave a great entertainment. Many were the frying-pans filled with dainty bits of meat—many the spits loaded with pheasants, ducks, turkeys, and chickens, strung on one after another; above all, in the pantries were preserves, cakes, confections, ripe and pickled fruits of all kinds, enormous melons, huge bunches of grapes, and all the luxuries of the Italian soil. Antonio, who had left the breach in the wall to glide in among the boys who were turning the spits, the cooks, the major-domos, and the waiters, smacked his pretty lips, and opened his eyes and nostrils, staring at every dish, and smelling the deli-

cious odors which arose from them; so that it was a pleasure to see how pretty he looked while admiring the grand preparations for the feast.

In spite of the fine appearance presented by the dishes, the major-domo, suddenly, just as the dishes were going up, gave himself a hard thump on the forehead, and another in his stomach, as if he had been suddenly attacked with colic, and exclaimed:

"I am a ruined man! a dishonored wretch! By San Pietro, my patron saint, I have nothing to do now but to kill myself! Wretched, thrice wretched Pietro! what will become of you? Oh! Santa Madonna! what will be thought of you? unlucky Pietro, you clown, you stupid beast! lazy ass! donkey! mule! idiot, that you are! A goose would have had more sense! your honor is gone, and with it that of the illustrious house of the Faleri!"

Precisely on the spot where the unhappy major-domo was making his speeches of despair, the head of the Faleri family happened to be passing by; he heard the last clause of the oration delivered by the major-domo, and came hurriedly down into the pantry, in order to know the exact nature of the danger which threatened the honor of his house.

He entered, just as Pietro, who had thrown himself into a chair, in an attitude of despair, was swallowing a large glass of brandy, which one of his scullions presented respectfully to him, dropping his cotton cap at the same time.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Duke, stopping directly before the major-domo.

"Beat me! my Lord Duke—kill me!" exclaimed the latter, making haste to swallow the remains of his brandy; but unluckily he just missed strangling himself, by way of hastening the execution which he seemed so anxiously should take place; for, owing to haste, distress, or whatsoever cause it might be, the last swallow went awry in the major-domo's throat, and he was seized with an uncontrollable cough, which prevented him from finishing his sentence.

The Duke looked round upon all the persons assembled in the pantry, and in particular at the little Antonio Canova, as if he thought he would be most likely to hear from him, in as few words as possible, the cause of such violent demonstrations of despair.

But no one could inform him, for all were ignorant of the cause of the incoherent words and threats of suicide, which Pietro had been uttering.

When the worthy man's cough was a little quieted, the Duke said:

"Will you explain to me, Pietro, how my honor happens to be compromised with yours?"

"Because my feast, which is a feast worthy of being set before the Pope, himself, the Doge of Venice, or any other illustrious power, is destroyed, annihilated, by a piece of forgetfulness on my part, a mistake for which I would hang myself, if I had a rope near at hand."

"What can you have forgotten, of so important and indispensable a nature!"

"The first course is perfect, my Lord Duke; the smaller side dishes, the principal dishes, all are of an elevated character and elaborate finish; the second course surpasses the first in its artistic combinations and its insurpassable taste; the third again leaves both the others far behind, if that be possible, in the choice selection, the taste, the architecture, the aristocratic perfection which predominates in it; but the dessert, the dessert! Oh! my Lord Duke, the middle dish on the right side, the dish which is to be placed next the temple of wax and sugar representing the Coliseum, the crowning dish of the table, which is to make the right side of the table, (where His Highness, my Lord Duke of Sangriani will sit,) the most attractive feature of the entertainment, that side dish, my Lord Duke, that right side dish is forgotten!"

"Well, what a fuss for nothing," said little Antonio to himself, as he sat smiling maliciously in one corner of the pantry; "why don't you make another, then?"

"Can it not be replaced?" asked the Duke.

"It will be a matter of infinite difficulty, indeed I may say one of a perfect impossibility," answered the major-domo.

"Bah! Erect a pyramid; a pyramid of sugar! or a tower of fruit, or a pile of colored confectionery, or a — or something."

"It is exactly that something which cannot be found at this late hour, my Lord Duke; we have but a single half hour before us. The company is pouring in already."

"If somebody would but listen to me," said Antonio to himself, though quite audibly, "I know what I would do."

"What are we to do? what is to be done?" muttered the Duke to himself, laying his finger along the side of his nose, in a deep reverie of scientific research.

"Ah! if the architecture of the repast was not so noble, so grand, so refined, so delicate, so elegant, so indescribably superb, we

might possibly—but, no! we should be compromising ourselves!"

"Did you not speak of architecture, Pietro? In that case we had better consult Pasino, who is a mason, an architect, an artist, and who may possibly get us out of our difficulty. What are you laughing at? Antonio, my child, what are you muttering to yourself? Come, do you go and find your grandfather, hunt for him everywhere, and bring him here."

Laughing in his sleeve as he went, Antonio (whose beauty the Duke admired, and often praised,) ran off and returned running, dragging after him the old Pasino, whom he pulled along by his leather apron.

After hearing an explanation of the difficulties in question, the old Pasino shook his head, and twisting his thin, hard hands in and out of his cotton cap, which he had taken off in deference to the Duke, (the head of the "great family of the illustrious Faleri") he said:

"With all due respect, your Gracious Highness, I beg leave to reply, if it were raising a wall, or building a church, or knocking down a house, that was in question, or —,"

"It is a dish, Grandpa, a grand dish for the right side of the table, where his Gracious Highness, the Grand Duke of Sangriani, is going to sit, that we want," bawled little Antonio, in a tone of voice loud enough to have been audible to his venerable grandparent had the old man been as deaf as a post.

"I understand that, grandson," said old Pasino, twisting about his cotton cap more mercilessly than before.

"Well, you are not half so smart as you ought to be, considering that you know how to build palaces, and construct churches, and raise walls, and knock down houses. Why, I wonder at you, Grandpa! Can't you tell us how to construct a dish, a side dish, a simple dish?"

"Hush, child, don't speak so loud and make so much noise about things that you don't understand, you will displease his Gracious Highness."

Antonio stamped his foot and turned away, abashed by the reproof he had received, but still muttering to himself, "If some one would only listen to me."

The Duke Faleri, who for some time had been gazing at the spiritual, animated, symmetrical, and beautiful countenance of the mason's grandson, was struck with the singular character of genius which it expressed. Those who are familiar with the pictures of Antonio

Canova, the great sculptor, do not need to be told that his face was of that high order which combines genius with beauty. It absolutely sparkled with intellect, and already the boyish features began to assume those fine aquiline proportions which distinguished them in later years. No one could have seen the eyes of this remarkable face without turning to look again, such was their inspired expression. The contempt which this puerile discussion awoke in his mind, was at this moment expressed in his face, and his childish brow shone with such extraordinary assurance, his mouth wore so cunning a smile, and the dimples in the corners of his cheeks as he met the Duke's eye, said so plainly, "*Why don't you consult me, your Highness?*" that the Duke could not resist the wish to interrogate him.

"Well, if we listen to you, what advice will you give us?" said the Duke, pinching Antonio's ear and pulling his glossy curls in an affectionate manner.

"Well, then, my Lord Duke," replied Antonio, (as red as a cherry at having been overheard by the Duke,) "if Master Pietro will only give me a lump of fresh dough, such as he makes his cakes with—"

"Your Gracious Highness should not listen to that magpie of a child," said Pasino, making signs to his grandson to hold his tongue.

"Not only do I listen," said the Duke, smiling as he replied, "but I desire Pietro to follow Antonio's advice with regard to the missing dish. Still further, I wish that it should be a surprise to my guests; Antonio, I give you permission to do whatever you choose, but if you fail, sirrah, what will you give me?" Here the Duke deepened his voice, pretended to thunder at Antonio, and to assume a stern, frowning look.

"My two ears," replied Antonio proudly, making a graceful bow.

"Well, I agree." And the Duke departed to receive his guests.

The feast was magnificent, like all those given, from time immemorial, in this opulent family; when the dessert was about to be served, the Duke regaled his friends with the history of the missing dish, and the presumptuous attempt of the mason's beautiful grandson.

Then the dessert was put by degrees upon the table, and you should have seen the eyes of the guests opened to their greatest extent, and their necks stretched as far as possible in order to see every dish enter which was set upon the table. As if on purpose, or because poor little Antonio had perhaps failed, the corners

of the table were garnished, the middle almost filled up, and still the wonderful dish did not appear. Soon there was nothing to put on but that single dish, and the impatience of the guests knew no bounds.

At last the major-domo appeared; he bore an enormous dish, covered with a splendid velvet cloth, embroidered in gold. The napkin was raised, and a cry of admiration burst from every one.

It was a superb lion, moulded in dough, and baked so as to be of the color of bronze. Every limb was perfectly modeled, and it seemed about to leap from the dish in among the guests. All immediately recognized the delicate compliment conveyed to the Duke of Sangrini, in honor of whom the feast had been given, for the arms of his house were a rampant lion.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried one and all; "where is the modeler? where is the artist? where is the little sculptor?"

"Where is the artist?" cried the Duke, in a loud, distinct voice.

And then, between the fat legs of Pietro, the cook, peeped up a pretty little child's face, blushing rosy-red, and bright with pleasure, already glowing with the brilliant fire of genius, extraordinary, indeed, at so tender an age.

He was passed from the arms of one beautiful lady to another, kissed, petted, caressed. Jewels of value were attached by his lovely admirers to his humble dress, and he was not suffered to depart till both himself and Pasino had made a hearty meal of the remains of the feast.

The Duke was too much the friend of the fine arts, and too enlightened as regarded them, not to perceive in this childish master-piece indications of the most eminent talent. Begging Antonio from his grandfather, he took him himself to Venice, where he caused the most celebrated master to instruct him. Then, four years later, the young protegee of the Duke went to Rome, loaded with letters of recommendation to the illustrious lords and potentates of the capital of the Christian world.

Suffering himself to be guiled by that inspiration which distinguishes remarkable men, the first letter which Antonio carried to its address, was one to Signor Volupto, whose pupil he was ambitious to become.

Volupto kept at Rome a brilliant school of design, from which the most distinguished pupils had been sent forth. The first friend and companion met by Antonio, on entering the studio, was a young man like himself, named Raphael.

Later, Antonio Canova, leaving his friend to continue his brilliant career as a painter, abandoned the pencil for the chisel. His inspiration again called him to the most elevated occupation.

In 1782 the Venetian ambassador, Juliano after a feast given to Rome's most noble lords, invited his guests to go with him to a saloon which had not yet been opened. He showed his friends a group in marble, just finished by an artist whose name he withheld.

It was Theseus conquering the Minotaur.

This group was, with one accord, pronounced to be the choicest work of art in Rome.

"My Lords!" exclaimed Juliano with a look of proud satisfaction, "the artist of this work is my countryman. Antonio Canova," con-

tinued he, (seeking out a young man who modestly held aloof,) "come and receive the congratulations which you deserve."

Canova was the most celebrated sculptor of his age. When any one visited him at his studio, he never failed to tell the story of his fortunes, or to revive his own grateful remembrance of his first master, Volupto.

Hence we learn to struggle against such misfortunes as may assail us in youth. With resolution, toil and patience, fame may always be achieved.

And thus by the humblest means is genius brought to light. The diamond is a brilliant jewel, the rarest of all precious stones; but it must be sought for in the dark and dangerous mine.

FLORENCE AVENEL.

AUTUMN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE yellow pen of Autumn gilds the green,
And writes a song of glory on the leaves;
The crimson maples raise their brilliant sheen,
And o'er the wood the Southern balm-wind
breathes.

The breeze that stirs the fruitage-laden bough,
Shows down ripe nuts of rich, voluptuous brown;
The Sun, just resting on the West hill's brow,
Sends its red darts to deck young Autumn's
crown.

There are soft voices in the loving trees,
Leaf unto leaf whispering its sad farewell,
Hearing afar the blighting, brumal breeze
Along gray highlands raise its solemn swell

The star-eyed frost flower at the tree's dim feet
Nods low, as listening to the fairy sprites,
Which, may be, at this season love to meet,
And trip the elfin dance these lonesome nights.

The snow-white rabbit, changed to dapple gray,
Hops light along the leafy, rustling aisles,
The squirrel, chirping on his homeward way,
Rests for a moment on the low rail stiles;

The graceful fox, with terror-quicken'd bounds,
Though thirsty, stops not at the tinkling rills,
Hearing the baying of the hoarse-mouthed hounds,
And hunters shouting down the bare, brown hills;

The partridge drums along the yellow dell
The boding raven croaks on blasted trees,
And in the copse, the quail's low piping bell,
Charms and entrances with its melodies.

By Northern lakes, the wild geese have long talks,
Each hoarse voice, clamorous, vain of rule and
sway,
Till through the air's long labyrinthine walks,
To warmer climes they take their circling way.

The mellow apples blush in spacious heaps,
Waiting to load the groaning market wain,
The purple grapes shine on the upland steep,
And scarlet thorn-plums every hill-side stain.

The sun sinks down, curtains of mist arise
From marshy tarn and sluggish-bosomed pool;
Gray fogs and vapors hide the gorgeous skies,
And ocean breezes blow in fresh and cool.

Dim night comes on; red glows the Boreal sky;
The Northern Lights stream up their thin, soft
flames,
Weird, giant phantoms toss their arms on high;
Pale cavaliers dance with fire-girdled dames!

The white moon smiles, the vast sidereal train
Hang breathless in the radiant atmosphere;
Earth, air, and ocean own the matchless reign
Of God; the monarch of the rolling Year!

Farmington N. H.

PINE-LAND RETREAT.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

THE peculiarity and wildness of the scenery in this spot cannot fail to strike a stranger. It is what is called Pine Barren, in the low country of Carolina, and consists of interminable forests of tall pines, here and there slightly broken by a small glassy lake or pond, bordered with flags, heart-leaves and deer-grass, starred over with white water lilies, and enlivened by the presence of snowy cranes, who stalk fearlessly along its margin, with ungainly gait and awkward neck, rejoicing in the cool waters, while an almost tropical sun blazes in the blue heaven above. Occasionally, too, a stream of limpid water wanders through a scarce perceptible valley, and its course is marked by rich bay-trees, with glossy leaves, and waxen flowers of cup-like form, by yellow-flowering sassafras, and exuberant dogwood, and a variety of shrubs, delighting in a moist soil. These valley-streams or branches relieve the monotony of the bare pine country, with its russet livery of fallen leaves and labyrinthine mazes of pillared arcades.

But here are houses built in the manner of West Indian dwellings, one story high, wide, raised some distance from the ground, encompassed by piazzas, and defended with projecting sheds. Each house has a square yard around it, glittering and painfully white with sand and gravel; for such is the nature of the soil here, that, where exposed to the sun, it uniformly assumes this whiteness. There are no gardens, and rarely an orchard; but the outbuildings, kitchen, stables, servant's houses, are commodious, and well built. These are Summer residences of wealthy planters, whose plantations, more or less remote, though agreeing with the African constitution of negroes, are, in the warm season, unhealthy to others. Now, pine wastes, such as we are describing, seem to be placed providentially, at intervals, in the richly wooded region of the South, since that which promotes vegetable, destroys animal life; and, unlovely as the pine barren appears, it yields a salubrious atmosphere, and is more esteemed by the planter than his productive cotton field, and invaluable rice lands.

Let us examine one of these establishments, and we shall be able to form a just idea of the whole, though we barely catch a glimpse of different dwellings through the trees. See

how carefully uninjured every pine stands, no matter how near its proximity to the house; no wonder, for the pine trees are the security of the inhabitants. Destroy them, and fever would speedily make its inroads in this now healthy retreat. This is truly a Summer dwelling. It is merely made proof against rain and sun, by a covering of weather-boards and shingles, and is whitewashed, both within and without. The floors are of pine boards, so neatly kept, and regularly scoured, that their very aspect is refreshing and comfortable. The furniture is all light, though tasteful and in strict keeping with the unpretending air of the place. We must except the superb plate, adorning a side-board; but this being really an essential to comfort, could not be dispensed with. The chimney is filled with fragrant myrtle from the adjacent branch, and vases containing dwarf lime-trees and geraniums, surround the piazza. The apartments are all curtained with white, deeply fringed; and a dinner table, with its complete service, occupies the spacious passage, and the partial glances we give to numerous chambers, assures us of the simple elegance pervading the entire Summer house. The yard in front and behind, cleanly swept, reveals its pure white surface amidst shade and sunshine; and a fence of trellis work, whitewashed like the house, embraces all. Behind stand a pair of noble dappled bays, tethered in the shade, while the hostler, bustling about the stable, eyes them occasionally with pride, and is busily engaged in some argument with his younger assistant, who, meantime, polishes the richly mounted harness, rolls out an elegant carriage into the shade, and proceeds to dust its top and arrange its cushions. Near this are the poultry house and cattle pen, and joining these the store-house, and scaffolds for drying fruit.

In front of the dwelling are two pillars, supporting square frames of wood, covered with earth. On each of these squares are piled lightwood knots, which, lit every evening, illuminate the whole pine land, (for every house has its two lamps in front,) one of these yielding more flame than a dozen city lamps. Underneath the projecting shed, repose well fed dogs, evidently favorites. Idly they couch on the sandy ground, panting with heat, and

amuse their leisure by snapping at the flies which buzz around them.

There is now some excitement in the back part of the yard, and soon a sturdy black man makes his appearance, delivering a note, with much assumption of politeness, to the master of the mansion, a well dressed gentleman, though his attire, as becomes the season, is light, and he half reclines, smoking a cigar, in the open verandah.

"How do you do, Prince?"

"Well, I tank you, massa, and all is in healt at de plantation. Dere be a ticket from de doctor dough, massa, and he axed me to deliver it into your own han, Sir."

The gentleman reads, and, as he does so, gloom overspreads his countenance.

"Desire George to saddle my riding-horse directly."

"Yes, Sir," and Prince, bowing, departed.

Mr. Aymer rose, took two or three turns hastily around the verandah, and as he entered the hall, ejaculated:

"Poor fellow! I feared as much!"

Mrs. Aymer, seeing her husband approach with unwonted gravity, immediately interrogated him as to the information conveyed in his note. But we leave him to reply, and shift the scene.

Andrew Cullen was the only son of a widowed mother. His father, a Scotchman, died, during his son's infancy, of yellow fever, in Charleston; and in those terrible days of her sore bereavement, Mrs. Cullen lived only for her boy. By the aid of those who knew her destitution, and sympathized with a stranger in a strange land, she was rescued from want, and enabled to maintain and educate her son in a respectable manner; (and here let it be recorded, in praise of the generous and noble Southern heart, that instances of like charitable and benevolent conduct abound nowhere more than in the beautiful South.) This son had reached a manhood of fair promise—was admitted at the bar, and rapidly advancing in his profession. Admired and loved by all, he was the one hope, the single earth-stay of his self-sacrificing, patient, and pious mother, who seemed to be reaping the reward of all her love and tenderness. Andrew had gone with his mother, about two years before this time, to reside in the country, and it was said that the blue eyes of Isabel Aymer were his strongest inducement in selecting his present home. How full of romance had those barren wilds been to the young lovers, as they wandered together in the vast collonades of the

forest, and listened to the mournful, sea-like anthem of winds, amid rushing pine boughs, as they gazed, in soft musing, on the oriental splendor of Autumnal skies, and gathered many tinted wild flowers, in that lovely, calm season. Their course of true love had been prosperous thus far. But the change came.

Andrew was a hard student. For Isabel's sake he wished to accomplish much. He knew that she had been reared in the most delicate manner, and, though not possessed of the vulgar error, that Southern women can do nothing, he had himself too high an opinion of independence, and too much affection for her, to be willing that she should in future feel the loss of a home from which he had taken her, or miss any of the refinements of life, which long habit had made conducive to her happiness.

It was his custom to walk about two miles every day to a mill-stream, at a point where the character of the country changed. Here, instead of bare pines, casting aloft their sturdy branches, rose broad-leaved catalpa trees, with their world of spotted flowers, in which the humming-bird delighted to dip its long spiral beak, and which were wandered over by innumerable forest bees. Here the silver-shafted sycamore spread its serrated leaves beside the rough, strong hickory, and woodbine and China briar embraced cypress and oak and overran holly and sloe tree. How cool seemed the clear, sweet water here, overhung by deep shade at its banks, and shining in the midst like molten gold in the yellow sunlight. No wonder Andrew, overcome with heat, was sometimes tempted to bury himself in the pellucid stream, and taste the dangerous luxury of a cold bath in a heated state, this, too, in the midst of Summer! A little experience would have corrected his imprudence. But he was, as we have said, city bred, and it was only two days previous to the reception of the doctor's note, that Mr. Aymer, returning from his plantation, and meeting Andrew, understood from him that he had been refreshing himself by a bath in the mill pond.

"What is this you tell me, Cullen!" exclaimed Mr. Aymer, in alarm; "why, the very air of this place is dangerous to a stranger at this season! Look out for an attack of bilious fever, which they say is yellow fever in a more lingering form, though yellow fever, as a distinct disease, is unknown here."

That evening, as Andrew sat with his mother in the piazza, while pine-lighted lamps shot up a clear, spiral flame, and vast columns of dark smoke curled upward to the starry sky; while

evening winds went whispering through the pine grove, and locusts sang loudly amidst the branches, an unusual chill crept over the young man; a sense of weariness overpowered him; there were strange sounds in his ears, like the rushing of a mountain torrent.

"Mother, I believe I am not quite well. I think I had better retire."

Oh, how coldly these words fell on that mother's heart! She approached, and taking her son's hand, said,

"Why, my child, you have an ague on you this instant. Let me send for doctor Melbourne."

"Do not be alarmed, dearest mother, I shall be quite well to-morrow. You have always been my best physician, and I will cheerfully submit to your prescriptions now."

"Alas! my son, it was fever, the fever of this Western world, which laid your beloved father in his untimely grave; and I, poor ignorant woman, was his nurse: Yet, no;" and Mrs. Cullen felt that she was improperly betraying her feelings; "no, my son, that was in Charleston, and he a stranger; but you are a native, we are in the healthful pine woods, and I have more experience as a nurse, now, surely, than I had then."

With assiduous care, all that long night, the watchful mother tended her son, and, towards morning, it became cruelly evident that he was ill—in a high fever, with burning temples, icy feet, and wandering mind. Dr. Melbourne came, looked gloomy, as the mother plied her eager questions, and finally, said:

"My dear lady, I will not attempt to deceive you—your son is very ill; but it is out of my power to predict his fate; that rests with a higher power. Let me advise you, madam, to calm yourself, and endeavor, with such poor assistance as my skill can offer, to meet the emergency. He may continue to suffer for some time; in that event he will need the most unswerving care, and you will, of course, be his best attendant. Do not, I beseech you, waste in sorrow a strength that may be needed for his benefit."

The doctor had touched the right chord. That long enduring disciple of affliction felt that her task was not yet done, and for his sake, she would rouse herself to a mighty effort. She forced back the unshed tears from her eyes, and walked about like a spirit, with an unspoken prayer in her heart, and an abounding love known only to a mother, the stricken mother of an only son. She smoothed back the clustering curls from Andrew's noble

brow, now flushed and throbbing, now pale and clammy. She watched every change, she administered every draught. Every nerve of her body seemed strung with the energy of youth, and still she was tearless. Oh, woman, strong in thy weakness, 'tis thine to suffer and to serve!

The third day was the first crisis of Andrew's disease. This his mother knew, and taking the medical man aside, she said,

"Doctor Melbourne, there is one dearer to my son than I am;" (oh, unselfish, loving mother!) "she is his betrothed wife, Isabel Aymer; shall she know his state?"

The doctor drew out his pencil, with which he was wont to set down his prescriptions, and a bit of paper from a parcel designed for the same use, and writing a few lines, addressed the billet,

"Adoniram Aymer, Esq."

We need not say that this was the note presented by Prince, with so much ceremony, to his master, after the reception of which Mr. Aymer had quickly departed, leaving the missive in the hands of his wife, to be used by her as occasion might require. His only comment was:

"Tell Isabel I have gone."

In an apartment of his house sat a fair girl, in the first bloom of expanding womanhood. She was emphatically a Southern beauty, with that undefined air of womanly delicacy, associated with nobility of sentiment, and correctness of principle, which sets its seal on the high-born and the good. True, goodness is loveable everywhere, even in the dusky Indian or murky African; but goodness associated with a form and mind like hers, how rarely does its glory illumine a world like ours, where mixed good and evil, like sunshine and shade, like night and day, warn us of purer life, teaching us to regard present scenes imperfect, directing our hopes to the great hereafter, the life which is to come. But Isabel Aymer is before us, with her pure, lofty aspect, her tender, loving face, with its large melting blue eyes, its soft ruby lips, and white calm brow. It were an evil thing to trouble that maiden's peace. So thought her mother, as with an air of perplexity she drew her white robe closer to her throat, adjusted her brussels lace sleeves, and did twenty little things which there was no necessity to do, that she might cover, poor woman! her perplexity and trouble.

"Mamma, dear Mamma, what ails you? Where is my father? Has any thing happened?"

"Your father, Isabel," said Mrs. Aymer, with forced composure, "is not at home. He has been sent for by Dr. Melbourne to visit a sick friend, in short, my dear child, Andrew."

"What of him, oh! what of him, my mother?" cried the terrified girl, her whole countenance assuming a look of terror and dismay which it was fearful to witness. The impassioned love of the enthusiastic South was alarmed in its strong citadel, her heart; the impulsive, devoted nature of the children of the Sun made itself manifest. Like the wounded dove when writhing and fluttering, she struggled with the might of her woe. But instantly, by strong effort, assuming some degree of calmness, she said faintly,

"Is he dead, Mamma?"

"Not so, my darling! Why do you talk of such a thing? He is ill, Isabel, but from the strength of his constitution, the skill of his physician, and the careful attendance of his excellent mother, we have every thing to hope. Compose yourself, Isabel, and look to Him who can alone rebuke disease, and it will flee. I will myself go over to Mrs. Cullen's this afternoon, and, if necessary, remain all night."

Mrs. Aymer had departed, her husband had not returned. Heavily passed the hours, as that pale, slight girl, in her white dress, with large mournful eyes and declining head, sat alone. Lengthened shadows fell over the brown coated pine woods, and here and there some gorgeous flower waved its unnoticed head, admired perhaps by wandering angels, if unespied by the eye of man. Low evening winds were singing a desert psalm, and rich skies full flooded with varied light, shone over all.

A step approached. There had been no rap at the door. Sorrow has attentive ears, and Isabel turned slowly round, when beholding the honest black face of old Minda, the house-keeper, she stretched out her right hand, and clasping that of the faithful domestic, shrieked, "He is dying, Mom Minda, dying, and they will not let me see him! oh, Mom Minda, if ever you loved poor Bell Aymer, your little Bell, take me to him. Oh, take me to Andrew!"

"I will, my child, I will, an dat is my arrand here dis minute. Dey tinks dey be wise, and larned, and all dat, leavin you alone, honey, to die or else go distracted. Git your bonnet; what for is you afearred to go, seein your fader and moder be dere before you? And if dey was not, who has a better right to stand by mass Andrew now dan you? you, what he has lubbed more dan his own moder,

and dearly he should lub her, and does. Come, my pet, I is waitin, and if dere be harm, Minder is ready to answer it for what we two does dis blessed ebenin."

Mechanically the young girl obeyed her sable guide, and following her,

"Like morning led by night,"

traversed path and carriage road till the dwelling of Mrs. Cullen rose before them. Then Minda whispered to her young mistress:

"Now, dear child, mind how you talk, and all your conductment, cause why, dem what is sick can't bear no disturbment, and jist gib me time to git in de kitchen, cause why, I doesn't care to be seed at dis time, only you go fearless on, and de Lord grant you prosperment. I has strong fait (faith) in dat what is to come."

Like a soft white cloud, which scuds swiftly along the sky, seen and gone, Isabel Aymer shot along the sanded front yard, ascended the steps, crossed the corridor, and glided into the chamber of her beloved. What a scene! Mrs. Cullen knelt by his bedside, and the eyes of the mother were turned upward, as though, piercing through all obstacles, they sought His presence "whose ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, neither is his arm shortened that it cannot save."

Andrew lay like one already passed away, and in the dim light how mortal was his paleness! The Doctor stood apart, with a face of deep concern. Silently the maiden drew near. Her soul was in her eyes, yet her step was firm and her air resolved.

The sick man moaned, and spoke low, in a hollow tone. How altered was his voice:

"Isabel;" and the maiden answered,

"Here I am."

Then a smile came over his pale face, and he continued:

"The world is bright, aye very fair, with you, Isabel, but I go, beloved. The way is dark and lonely. Beyond is light, clear, serene, but you, Isabel, do not tarry."

"I will not," solemnly responded the devoted girl, "I will not tarry long."

"Farewell, Mother, farewell sweet love!" were the last words of Andrew Cullen.

The next morning rose clear and bright. The mocking sunshine danced over Earth, and shone on the house of mourning, as though change and death were not written all over the world's history. Pale and mortal cold, lay the clayey mansion once containing the soul of Andrew Cullen. White as his shroud was the princely countenance; but there was no light

in his eagle eye, and the passionless smile of peaceful death rested mournfully on his lips. On either side sat a form, one bent with age and care, one ripe in youthful beauty. The mother's eyes still looked upward. All her hope was there now. But the young girl bent in wild idolatry over the noble face of the dead. She was impressing on the tablets of her soul a picture never to be erased. She knew that face, the adored of her young imagination, would look on her forever and forever, till, in the icy embrace of the skeleton King, she would lose the recollection of even his worshipped image.

Sadly sang Autumn winds in the bare pine woods. Lurid was the Autumn sky, and bright the flowers of October in the melancholy forest, when Isabel Aymer yielded up her life, oh, so placidly!

The Autumn wind passed not more gently. Those glowing sky-beams, and bright Autumnal flowers, were not half so glorious as her hopes. The high, pure Southern heart could know no second love. She had gone to rejoin Andrew, who, three months before, carried her promise to the skies:

"I will not tarry long."

OLD LETTERS.

OLD letters—those white-winged messengers of love, laden with the "thought-traces" of absent and cherished ones—who at times does not delight to re-peruse their old familiar lines, and, while a flood of sweet memories rush over the soul, revel in tender reminiscences, and bright dreams of the long vanished years? Precious mementoes of the sunny past, oft they are, when the young heart beat lighter than now, ere we left the bright portals of the fairy land; of "Long Ago," when the Earth seemed full of sunshine, and its skies beamed ever bright, and its flowers bloomed passing fair, and we recked not of the wild tempests that were gathered in the dim "beyond," to sweep our heart's cherished blossoms to the dust. Many such treasured missives lie scattered before me, some of them penned by hands now peacefully clasped beneath coffin lids, over unconscious hearts, which the Angel of Death hath stilled evermore. And as I, with a half-pleasing sadness, read them over, the spirit-voices of those dear departed ones, sweet strains of far-off music, seem to come floating down the ambient air, mingled with the celestial harmonies of the "Unseen Land." One, in an unformed, childish hand, calls up sad, sweet memories of by-gone days. Memories of a fair child, who sat with me upon the moss-enamelled rocks, near her "sea-girt home," many a bright Summer's morn in the sunny past, while the liquid dew-pearls spangled over the long, velvety grass, and fragrant flowers; there we gazed upon the gay blue billows, dotted over with snowy sails and silvery oars, their azure crests flashing and glittering in the gorgeous sunlight, with the radiance of countless brilliant gems, set in coronets of gold. Memories

of calm, placid, twilight hours, where we twain wove sweet romances of a bright future, while the blushing flowers folded their fair petals, and the glowing sun sank to rest in a sea of amber, till the soft red light faded gently away from the crimson West, as the harvest-moon shone mildly forth in the cerulean sky, and the glassy waters softly sparkled in the silvery beams of the myriad starry eyes of Heaven. Memories of solemn midnight scenes, when we heard the storm king arise in his majesty, from his royal palace, among the coral caves and emerald grottoes, far down beneath the ocean depths, and lash the shining waves into fierce madness, till, all wrecked and ruined, many a proud barque, richly laden with life, love, and beauty, sank down into the sea's vast mausoleum, their requiem the grand, deep Eolian chant of the wind-harp, mingled with ocean's million murmuring, mysterious voices, their monumental stone the deep, dark waters, which closed over their lone burial place till that "coming morn," when the "sea shall give up its dead."

But over the soft azure eyes of the cherub child memory now calls to mind, the snowy waxen lids are closed forever; and on her fair brow, and bright golden curls, the dust of the grave hath rested many a year. Sweetly she sleeps, while the angels untiringly watch over her beautiful clay, in a half shady nook of a quiet village church-yard. There they made her "little green grave," where ever and anon the amber sunlight smiles lovingly among the clustering roses, fragrant jessamines, and white lilies; where Spring-buds bloom first, and Summer flowers linger longest, where, floating on the soft May zephyrs, over Southern seas, birds

from orange groves come to carol their glad matins and low vespers; half hid mid the ever-greens, is a snowy urn, that marks the lovely spot where the fair form of little Mary rests; but her pure, young spirit is unfolding its bright beauties, with the flowers that bloom amid the amaranthine bowers of Heaven.

Here is another record of the past, stamped with the loving impress of a warm, affectionate, maternal heart. Thrice fairy Spring has decked the green earth with its precious treasures of buds and flowers, since she went to stand among the glorified ones, upon the purple "hill of light," to chant with the celestial choir the sweet anthems of redeeming love.

Over this snowy page a youthful face once bent, now lying, cold and white, under the cypress tree's dark, cool shadows, that, with its black ominous seal, tells how long since she passed through Heaven's golden gates, to dwell beneath blue and smiling skies, and to wander with her sister spirit, among green, flowery vales, where crystal fountains cast their silvery jets, like a sacred baptismal over the gardens of Paradise.

These feeble, trembling characters, how vividly they remind me of the pale, serene countenance, and venerable form of my reverend grandmother. For more than fourscore years, she trod life's thorny path, till her sparkling eyes lost their brightness, and her raven tresses were strewed with the snowy blossoms of age; till, one by one, the silken ties that joined her heart to earth, were severed; when, "like a shock of corn fully ripened," God's angels gathered her into the Heavenly Garner.

Stranger-hands laid the frail casket beneath the green valley-sods of the distant West, far away from her childhood's home, and from the green grave of him to whom she had plighted

her young heart's pure affections, the loved one with whom she had walked through the sunny lanes and flower-strewn pathways of youth; with whom she had oft wandered into the bright dream-land of fancy, where, seen through the gray mists of time, the future looked all rose-colored and radiant with fairy visions; her youthful heart's dearest treasure, over whose open tomb, long ago, she heard the sad, solemn dirge, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" but up the starry heights of glory, white-robed seraphs bore the precious jewel, the perishing casket once enshrined, to glitter with ineffable splendor, impearled in the diadem of the Saviour.

But many a letter, as I re-peruse it, calls up pleasing reminiscences of by-gone days, unmingled with emotions of sadness. For they are the outpourings of true, faithful hearts, which still live and love on, through the changing scenes of earth. Some tell of new homes and hearthstones, wreathed about with the mutual love of youthful hearts; others of worshippers at the golden shrine of learning, seeking to cull amid the classic bowers of knowledge, the laurel wreath of Fame to twine around their young brows.

And, though widely divergent our courses, our life-barques are still tossing upon the same tempestuous sea, and may the unseen hand of love, guide each and all into the one bright port of eternal rest, that blessed haven upon whose green shores the Angel of Death never wanders, where the flowers never fade, nor loved ones pass away, where dark clouds never dim the sapphire sky, but where the "sunshine of glory eternally reigns."

CARRIE CLOVER.

Fernon, Conn., 1857.

A THANKS-OFFERING.

WARM, earnest thanks to Thee we render,
Our Father, Lord divine!
Who dost all clouds of darkness sunder,
That Thy true sun may shine.

Our thanks seem but a feeble offering,
When offered, God! to Thee!
But come they from the soul's deep fountains,
They will accepted be.

For art Thou not, in word, a Giver?
Thy best, thy noblest name!
And is not from each weak receiver
A grateful heart thy claim?

Then, if our hearts we offer Thee—
Our deeds unto a brother—
Will not our true thank-offerings be
Sweeter than any other?

Praise, honor, glory, from vain man,
Thy most imperfect creature—
What are they all, when thou canst scan
Of every soul each feature?

Therefore, warm thanks to Thee we render
Our Father! Lord divine!
Who dost all clouds of darkness sunder
That Thy true light may shine!

ODE TO PEACE.

BY HENRY WARD.

On! gentle peace! Thou of the dove-like eye,
Who dwellest with the Seraphim on high,
Why, with a tearful, and averted glance,
When war, grim, frowning, shakes his glittering lance,

Dost thou, affrighted, turn from earth away,
And cease to hold thy mild, benignant sway
O'er mortals toss'd on passion's raging tide,
Ambitious fools, the dupes of worldly pride?
It is not strange! with *such* thou canst not dwell,
Though closer'd like a hermit in his cell,
Or seated on a tyrant monarch's throne,
Whose nod is power, whose *will* is law alone,
Or striding in the gorgeous halls of State
Arouses kindred souls to fierce debate,
Or 'mid the battling ranks of gleaming steel
Braves death, where lightnings flash, and thunders

peal;

Thou canst not dwell with him whose restless soul
Will brook no moderation nor control,
But like the foaming billow of the sea,
Is ever chafing, yet is never free
From wild, tumultuous strife, and storm, and ire,
The victim of ambition's scathing fire.

But with the pure in heart, the meek, and kind,
Thou lov'st to dwell; and thou for them wilt bind
Thine olive chaplet, with unfading flowers,
And through the calm, delightful sunny hours
Wilt fan them with thy downy rainbow wings,
And lead them where contentment ever springs,
And tranquil joy, and smiling bliss preside,
Where heavenly wisdom's footsteps ever guide!
It is the will of Heaven that thou shouldst reign,
And claim the earth as thine—thy *just* domain;
For when the angel herald of the sky
Announced Messiah's glorious reign as nigh,
The sweetest notes that Seraphs ever sang,
O'er yon celestial spheres melodious rang,
"Peace! peace on earth; good will to erring man!"
O'er all the stars the joyful tidings ran;
The countless planets heard the rapturous sound,
And moved in harmony; bright glory crowned
The universe, with light, and life, and love,
Like one vast ocean flowing from above.
Then come, oh! dove-like Peace! and here remain,
Till all mankind shall own thy gentle reign!

Litchfield, Conn., 1857.

STANZAS.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

I know not why it is, I cannot tell
Why thoughts and feelings known in other years
Rush o'er me with a wild, impetuous swell,
Flooding my spirit-life with struggling tears!

Through many years thy memory hath come,
Like fitful flashes from a troubled dream,
And faded from me, as the twilight's hum
Dies slowly, sadly, in the night's deep stream.

But now, restless, round my throbbing brain,
A mystic finger winds thought's slender wire,
And turns it powerless to the Past, again,
Where smouldereth our heart-hopes' funeral pyre!

Our heart-hopes! thine and mine; how soon they
died!

Will others blossom ever, on their grave?—

The lilies of our lives, divided wide,
Are drooping singly towards Death's silent wave!

I've gone through long years since that last fare
well,

And learned to smile at early grief and pain;
I know not why it is, I cannot tell
Why those crushed buds of yore revive again.

I've heard full many a whispered vow, since thine
Was breathed so lowly, in the years gone by;
Unto my youthful heart no thrill from thine
Hath answered back; the spirit-spring is dry!

I do not love thee; why the strife within,
That came unbidden, and will not depart?
The deep restless tide of *what hath been*,
That rushes through the years, around my heart?

Alexandria Va.

(275)

ANY LETTER FOR ME TO-DAY?

BY HIRAM TORREY.

With how much of hidden emotion is this question asked at the city post-office! Many a time, after receiving our own letters, have we stopped and watched the faces of the throng who were waiting their turn to ask the common question "Any letter for me, to-day?" and we were always thus led to more serious reflection upon the joys and sorrows of life, and made more sensibly to realize the power of *little things* over human happiness.

It is a little thing to ask for a letter, and the answer, "yes," or "no," is but a little thing: the letter itself is but a small package, in appearance, unimportant and valueless; and when passing the post-office, we casually glance at the people who have come for these little messages, we deem it a very little affair—an every day occurrence of no special significance. But could we see the expectation, desire, the trembling hope and fear, smothered beneath the simple question, "Any letter for me?" then should we know that it is not a little thing to the heart interested. There is no other place in the world where strong feeling, genuine heart-emotion, is so immediately aroused as at the post-office. It may be subdued, it is true, or hidden from the common eye, but it is felt there. No where else can so great a variety of feelings be called into exercise; for here all come, all ages, classes and conditions of men, hoping and fearing.

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the man of business. Yes. He takes it—opens it and reads notice of a protested note; or, of a failure; or, of some other calamity from which he must date his own ruin. Perhaps he reads of rise in real estate, in stocks, or, of the success of some grand mercantile speculation by which he is suddenly released from embarrassment, and made rich. Oh, what an electric touch to his whole being is that letter!

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the aged mother; her voice trembles, and her heart throbs heavily while the clerk turns to look for the expected message. Her children are scattered over the world—have been gone from her for many years, but she still feels the same love for them she did when they were "wee darlings," nestled safely under one roof, and a letter of good news from either of them thrills her heart with the same old joy which their

smiles and merry glee brought to her long years ago.

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the young man who has been but a few months from home, seeking employment in the city. His countenance indicates a quick alternation of hope and fear, and when the answer is given, "No letter, sir," he turns away, as he has many times before, struggling to suppress tears and sighs. He had been unsuccessful in his efforts for business—the means given him by his father when he started out to *try the world for himself* were exhausted, and weeks before he had written imploring further aid. Thus, without money, without work, in want, and alone in the great city, what home-yearnings arise in his heart, and upon that little expected letter seems to hang his whole life-destiny.

Any letter for me, to-day? timidly inquires the maiden, her face suffused with the blush of a first love. The clerk knows that it is her heart which speaks in those low, soft tones, and a little joy touches his own, it may be from sympathy, or the awakening of some cherished memory, as he discovers her name so prettily written upon an embossed envelope. So he places it in her hand with a cheerful smile, and with joy-beaming eyes she hurries away eager to read over the vows of constancy and devotion, which create a new paradise in her soul. Trusting girl! Little does she dream of the wide difference between *love in letters* and love in real life.

Any letter for me, to-day? asks the wife whose husband is away in California seeking gold. He could not be content with the "slow and sure" growth which honest labor invariably secures; but he must amass wealth quickly, make a fortune in two or three years, then he will return to live in "splendid style." This dream of greatness was worth to him more than all the comfort and endearments of home; and so he made the sad exchange. During four years he has only written as many letters to his wife, and sent her money barely sufficient to procure the necessities of life. But her love towards him did not falter—it reached all the way to that distant land and brought him still nearer to her. The few lines received at these long intervals, are read with tearful eyes, many times over, and sacredly treasured

as mementoes of her husband's love. But to-day she receives a letter bordered with black, and the hand writing is not *his*! How like lead it falls upon her heart. The dream of her husband is ended—the delusive gold vision has faded, and he has passed away to the possession of immortal riches! That little folded sheet brought to her a life-long woe.

And thus, one after another of the great human throng, come up to the post-office, with the same inquiry upon their lips, "Any letter for me, to-day?" The rich and poor, the joyful and sorrowing, the learned and ignorant, the

good and depraved, all, all, have friends somewhere in this wide world; and what a blessed thing it is that through this medium they can hold communion. Letters are the winged messengers of the heart that go out every day from thousands of homes. There is more of truth in them than in spoken or printed words, for their literature is not studied, but felt. They are mostly the issues of the affections—the utterances of the inner life, and fullest representations of the various phases of our common humanity.

CAROLINE.

ONE YEAR IN-HEAVEN.

BY MRS. HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

A YEAR hath past—oh, friend, beloved,
Of mingled smiles and weeping,
Since thou from clinging arms removed,
Wert given to Death's keeping;
Since first the shroud its fleecy fold,
Clasped o'er thy peaceful bosom,
And from thy fingers' nerveless hold,
Dropped pale-rose, bud, and blossom.

A year since thou of angel name—
Its sweet and mystic spelling
We know not—didst go forth to claim
Place in the Father's dwelling.
Since round thy starry pinion glowed
The dazzling waves of azure,
And from thy lips enraptured, flowed
The "new song's" deathless measure.

Yet, scarcely can we deem thee gone!
Within thy chamber lonely,
The very echo hath a tone,
That wakes *thy* memory only.
We turn to catch the sparkling eyes,
The lifted hands appealing;
We listen for thy low replies,
In soft, meek whispers stealing.

So much of Heaven! meek sufferer, here,
'Twas thine in vain to cherish
Hope's cankered buds, and year by year
Watch their young brightness perish.
Long, long the winter's blight and snow,
The summer's song and blooming,
Scarce in thy darkened room, could show
The life-lamp slow consuming.

A year of rest—here days of pain
In feverish languor ending,
'Twas thine to bear, and wait in vain
Sleep's balm at eve descending.

'Twas thine to feel, through weary nights,
From fitful dreams awaking,
That only on the Heavenly Heights,
For *thee* a morn was breaking.

Joy! when thy wasted frame, at last,
Thrilled to the Bridegroom's warning;
That only on the Heavenly Heights,
We knew the halo o'er thee cast,
When burst that glorious morning.
We knew it by thine eye, the while,
There radiant gleams were lying;
We knew it by the saintly smile,
That wreathed thy lips in dying.

Oh, stainless spirit! when thy feet
First passed the sapphire portal,
Ere thou thine own could'st scarcely greet
In beauty grown immortal;
What to thy quickened ear must seem
The angel's song and story?
Now on thine eye long-shadowed gleam
The White Throned dazzling glory.

For all the joys denied thee here,
When joy denied was sorest,
For every silent, anguished tear,
Dropped on the cross thou borest,
For that dread suffering, sweeter now,
The rest that fills thy bosom;
The thorns that pierced thy patient brow
Bear each a golden blossom.

We know that from that Radiant Land,
Sometimes thy free'd glance turneth;
That o'er the home-roof's lingering band,
Thy loving spirit yearneth.
Father! to thee one fervent prayer
From heart and lips up-swelleth,
Room for us in that Land prepare,
Room where our lost one dwelleth.
Ravenna, Ohio, Oct., 1856

THE FUNERAL BELLS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, Mattie! just hear those bells! I can't bear it. Indeed I can't," and Agnes wrung her hands, and sobbed, as she walked up and down my chamber.

It was a bright day, one of the brightest that ever shone on the orchards and wheat-fields of Moss Glen, and yet we didn't know it. The darkness in our hearts had made darkness all about us.

ELISE HART WAS DEAD! We had said this to ourselves many times since ten o'clock that morning, but now we FELT it. Those long, sorrowful bell strokes, that rose and quivered over the hills, and rolled down the glen, and up the road, till they reached the chamber where Agnes and I sat, spoke the words to our hearts, which before had only been spoken to our ears; "ELISE HART WAS DEAD!"

"To think of her, to think of her," said Agnes, laying her tear-drenched face on my shoulder. "How she used to come bounding up the lane, and across the fields, with her sweet sparkling face, and that little gypsey hat set so gracefully on her curls! What a picture she was! And what a glad, merry bird-heart she had, Mattie!"

"And now to think she lies there, with the white roses from the very bush she planted in her cold hands, and her fair head resting on the hard coffin!"

"Don't Agnes, don't! you'll break my heart," I said, drawing the girl's fair face up to mine, and covering it with tears and kisses. "Let us be thankful God has left us to each other."

TWENTY-ONE! The sound of the funeral-bells faded for the last time on the distant hills. She was, indeed, in the "dew of her youth." It is very hard to die then.

And yet I do not think Elise Hart found it so, for they said she went from the old to the new home, with a quiet smile on her lips, such as we have when we lie down to sweet dreams.

Elise Hart lived about half a mile from our house. Her mother was a widow, and Elise and her little sister, were the mother's only treasures.

The Harts were not wealthy, but a competence had been secured to the widow, and their social position was among the first at Moss Glen.

Elise and I had been intimate from childhood. She budded into womanhood, one of the fairest blossoms that ever opened itself in the sunshine and soft winds of Moss Glen.

I wish I could describe her to you in her twentieth Summer. It was just before—no matter, I never heard anybody call her handsome, but there was something in her face that would haunt you for days after you had looked on it.

She had soft sunshiny hair that always hung in curls around her face, clear, blue eyes, and lips red and full as meadow-clover, before the dew has dried off them.

But the prevailing characteristic of her face was the sparkling joyousness of its expression.

You looked on it, and you knew that Elise Hart was HAPPY, and involuntarily you breathed a prayer that her future might be even as her past—a May-day, full of song, and calm, and sunshine.

It was in June that Wallace Treat came to our village. His mother was a distant cousin of the doctor's wife, and Wallace came up here to inhale the fresh mountain air, for he had graduated the year previous, and his intense application to his studies had seriously injured his health. He was not handsome, but there was a strange magnetism in the man's voice, and smiles, and manner, that drew you at once toward him.

He met Elise for the first time at the annual strawberry pic-nic. She never looked sweeter, she never FELT happier than she did on that day. I love to think of it. Her lips fairly sparkled with smiles, and when you looked down into those clear eyes, it seemed like looking into a calm, smooth river shining in the sunset.

Wallace Treat was fascinated at once. His grave, proud, exclusive nature was disarmed by this gentle, sunny creature, and he piled her basket with the richest berries, and filled her tin cup with the cool spring water, and a little child would have loved the rare smile that lighted up his grave features, as he listened to that laugh—oh to think it will never make music with the birds in the wood-boughs again!

"Mattie!" and Elise came to me, after every kettle and basket had been filled with the ripe

berries, "Mamma told me to be sure and gather her some mountain mint. They are laying the cloth for dinner under the mulberry trees, yonder, and if you will go with me to the hill, I will gather the mint before dinner. We can steal off unobserved now, and I know where it grows thick, among the green grass, on the other side."

And I went with her.

"Ellise, how do you like Mr. Treat?"

I did not ask her this question until we had gathered the mint, and were sitting down in the cool hill shadows to rest ourselves.

"I like him, Mattie?" she answered thoughtfully, more as if she were asking herself the question, than replying to mine. "He is refined, accomplished, gentlemanly—of course, one cannot help liking him."

I smiled. "That quiet, half-doubtful tone is hardly complimentary, Ellise."

"Isn't it, Mattie?" She pulled up two or three buttercups, and wound the long stems round her fingers, then suddenly she drew up close to me, and said, earnestly, "When I first saw Mr. Treat, Mattie, I did not like him. That is too strong, perhaps—I mean my first impressions were not pleasant, and yet," speaking to herself again, "it was not exactly repugnance. It was a kind of warning voice, a something that seemed to whisper in my heart, 'It were better you had never come together.'"

She spoke these last words in a louder tone, and the echo in the lane beneath us caught the words, and answered clear and mournful as a human voice, "It were better you had never come together."

Involuntarily our eyes met. I was the first to speak. Laughing off the momentary impression which the re-percussion had made, I answered, "Well, Ellise, it's apparent Mr. Treat won't endorse the echo's opinion, for his actions said very plainly, 'It is better that we keep together.' I am not sure but he told you this, too, when you and he were by the spring, washing the strawberry stains off your fingers with sorrel leaves—don't you think now he was a long time learning the very simple manipulations."

"Nonsense, Mattie; though I understand your innuendo, I shall not admit its truth. But seriously, my first impressions have been nearly neutralized by Mr. Treat's very agreeable manners and conversation. Is not his smile BEAUTIFUL? There is really heart-poetry in it. I am sure he must be good, or he could never smile like that."

My reply was interrupted by a bunch of wild

roses that fell at our feet. The next moment Mr. Treat was at our side.

"The dinner is all ready, ladies," removing his straw hat with that grace which pervaded his every movement, "and the company are in a state of absolute starvation, induced by your running off. I volunteered to come in search of you."

We both sprang up, with regrets and apologies, but I thought, as we descended the hill, Mr. Treat did not lament much either the delay or the trouble. Wallace Treat was not at heart a bad man, neither was he exactly a noble one. I have sometimes thought his greatest fault was "infirmity of purpose," and yet it is more than probable he would, to achieve a desired end, evince more energy, more persistency than most men. But he was a MENTAL EPICURE, loving beauty for no higher motive than that it gladdened his fastidious, æsthetic nature. This love, of course, brought its reward in a constant wearying of the old, a constant craving after the new.

He was, at twenty-five, that most unfortunate of men, a mental dyspeptic.

But he loved Ellise. Looking back now on the past, I have not the least doubt of it, and if—ah, me! how much sorrow and suffering lies beyond that quivering of my pen! But I must hasten over my history, for the bright June day is wearing downward, and the "three o'clock breeze," that lifts the edges of my paper, is whispering of the night. The day after the pic-nic I suddenly left Moss Glen, and did not return till late in the next month.

Ellise did not know I had reached home, and I went down to her mother's to surprise her.

At the door I met her little sister, and bidding her not acquaint Ellise with my arrival, I walked into the parlor. A large daguerreotype case lay on the table; I opened it, and looked into the dark eyes of Wallace Treat. Then I took up a small but most exquisite engraving of a sunset on the Rhine; on the margin were the initials "W. T." After duly admiring this, I turned to an elegantly bound volume of Bryant's poems. On the fly-leaf of this was written, by WALLACE

To his beloved, ELLISE HART.

My amazement, for the moment, quite took away my breath. While I was endeavoring to FEEL all those few words had revealed to me, an eager, well-known call, "Mattie!" brought me to my feet, and Ellise and I were in each other's arms.

"Oh! I am so glad you are come, darling," and the little dimpled fingers stroked my

cheeks fondly. "I have longed every night for a month past to see you, more than you can imagine; Mattie I have a great secret to tell you."

"I have guessed it already, Ellise," I said, smiling half sadly, half archly, as I pointed to the open book.

She started quickly, and her cheeks were incarnadined with blushes.

"I didn't know THAT was on the table. I thought I carried it up stairs. How VERY careless of me!"

"Don't mind it now, dear. I have only learned the secret a little sooner than I otherwise should. Sit down here now and tell me all about it."

And Ellise did. She drew a low stool to her feet, and averting her face, so that I might not see the blushes that covered it, she whispered how Wallace Treat had won her heart.

"Next September, Mattie, I shall be his wife, and you and Agnes shall be my bridesmaids."

"So soon, darling? And you love him better than all the world beside?"

She turned her head quickly, and her eyes made me an answer before her lips did. "Better than all the world beside, Mattie!"

It was soon noised about Moss Glen that Ellise Hart was the bride-elect of Wallace Treat.

She was a favorite throughout the village, and Wallace, notwithstanding his pride and reserve, won our hearts with that wondrous smile of his, so there were blessings and prayers heaped on the bright head of Ellise Hart.

During the next month I met her and her betrothed several times, both at her residence and my own.

Wallace's watchful tenderness, the love that revealed itself in every word and act, must have satisfied the heart of any woman, and it was not strange I thought, Ellise's life will be like a song—a Summer song, to the end.

The last time I saw the two together, before—but you will know that soon enough!

It was at her mother's, and the August day had been very bright, but toward evening it had grown damp and chilly.

Ellise had one of those delicate organizations which are so sensitive to elemental influences. She had a severe headache. There were no guests but myself and Wallace, and she laid her head on his shoulder. I see it there now, for it is a picture "bound up and laid away" in the silence of my heart. The golden curls swinging round the pale, sweet face, the look

of quiet faith and happiness, resting on every lineament, even to the half closed eyelids, chained my gaze all that evening. I remember Wallace informed us that Doctor Russell was expecting a niece of his, from New York, the next day, and that she was considered quite a belle, and was coming up, he resumed, to restore the roses she had lost in the gayeties of the last season.

"She will be lonely up here in the country," said Ellise, opening her sleepy eyes. "We will call on her Mattie, when she comes."

The next Sabbath, when the doctor and his family entered the church, the "country folk" stared of course, with no little curiosity, at the city belle. She was a brunette, with large, brilliant eyes, and thin, delicate features. I did not think her handsome, and I believe the secret of her attractiveness lay rather in her character (I had well nigh written her art,) than her face.

But there was a fascinating elegance and refinement in her slightest movement, and with my intense admiration for these, my eyes wandered quite too often from the minister to the city maiden.

That week, Ellise and I called on her. We found her elegant, piquant, accomplished, and a little, a very little patronizing.

Our intended call of twenty minutes lengthened into one or two hours. There must have been something strangely fascinating in the conversation of Laura Mead.

A few days subsequent to this call, Ellise passed the evening at our house. Wallace had engaged to meet her there in the evening. Night came, and he, usually so punctual, was not there with it. Ellise laughed off his non-appearance, but I could see her spirits were restless and troubled.

At last he presented himself, but it was wearing toward nine o'clock.

Ellise met him with an eager, "Wallace, what has kept you? We feared something had happened to you."

"No, dearest," and I can remember, his laugh had a little embarrassment in it. "The truth is, Miss Mead was very anxious to see the sunset from Craig Hill, and I accompanied her there. We walked rather slow, I suppose, for she was chatting all the way, and when I reached the doctor's, I discovered, to my regret, it was after eight. Won't you forgive me this time, Ellise?"

He said it with one of his smiles, smoothing down her curls, and she answered him with one of her's, bright, trustful, confiding.

"Aunt Harriet, you don't mean to tell me Mr. Treat is really engaged to Miss Hart, that pretty little golden-haired girl, with her soul in her blue eyes! I am so surprised! But then, after all, men of his intellect and taste usually prefer such women for the sake of the contrast, I suppose. Any way, he'll have a sweet little doll-wife, who'll love him to distraction, and make him the richest soups, and jellies in Christendom," and Laura went up stairs, humming a tune as naturally as if she didn't know Wallace was under the window, and had heard every word she had spoken.

"Mr. Treat, I have such a favor to solicit of you!" and Laura Mead laid her little fingers on the gentleman's arm, and lifted those dark, melting eyes, whose power many a conquest had taught her, to the gentleman.

"Well, speak it, Miss Mead. I shall only be too happy to gratify you."

"This morning, I saw the sweetest white rose in a little vase on your table. It was precisely what I wanted for my hair. You know Aunt and I are going out to Mrs. Morton's tea party, and a white rose in this braid will just complete my toilette."

Wallace hesitated a moment. The flower was Ellise's gift, the last one that had blossomed on her bush, and he had promised to keep it until the next Summer should bring her its fresh blooms.

But he looked on the elegant pleader, and he thought it would be very ungentlemanly to refuse her. "I am only too happy to oblige you," he said, as he ran up stairs, and it was a pity he did not see the triumph in Laura's eyes, as she placed the rose in her black braids.

I noticed that Ellise started as Miss Mead entered the parlor, at Mrs. Morton's, and fastened her eyes eagerly on the young lady. Then a shadow crept into her blue eyes, and for a moment her lips quivered. But she regained her composure, and all that afternoon was unusually gay, though I knew her bright face did not paint the cloud that was in her heart. For the first time a suspicion that was in itself a fearful pang had entered it!

Two days later Ellise came up to our house. It had been a beautiful day, and the West was medallioned with a gorgeous Autumn sunset.

"Why didn't Wallace come with you?" I asked, seizing her hand and pulling her into the house. She laughed, not quite naturally, I thought. "He did intend to, but Miss Mead was very anxious to visit an old friend of her mother's at the Fort. The doctor was not at home, so he accompanied her."

"I believe I am not quite well, Mattie, for I've had the blues all day." She leaned her cheek on my shoulder, and burst into tears.

We went up stairs, and at last Ellise told me that a change had of late come over Walter. It was slight, intangible, but she felt it. He seemed abstracted, and liked to converse about Miss Mead, whose manners he pronounced the "perfection of elegance."

"Do you think her so very beautiful, Mattie?" questioned the girl, lifting her sweet face to mine, and looking as if her life depended on my verdict.

"No, not half so much so as are you, dear Ellise," I answered, adding what words of comfort I could, till at last Ellise smiled, and said with her old animation, "Next week, Mattie, we are to go to Grandma's, and then all will be settled nicely. You know we are to invite her to the wedding, which takes place next month."

Ah me! poor Ellise!

I do not think Laura Mead loved Wallace Treat when she first conceived the idea of trying her coquettish arts on that gentleman, but Wallace was not an ordinary man, and it was not long before the city belle found, to her astonishment, that her affections were warmly enlisted in this matter.

I believe Wallace loved Ellise, as he never could love any other woman, but, as I said, he was a mental epicure, and Miss Mead's elegance, her fine eyes, and great conversational powers fascinated him. He was greatly to blame, and yet, had you seen I know you would pity him.

That night Wallace had made every arrangement to accompany Ellise the next day to her grandmother's. He had been like his old self, tender, affectionate, and he left his bride-elect with a heart beating to its old tune of happiness. IT WAS THE LAST TIME THEY EVER MET!

Wallace returned to the doctor's, and found Miss Mead alone and in tears. She pointed to a letter she had just received, informing him that her grandmother was very ill, and her nurse had written that her recovery was doubtful, and she was very desirous of seeing Laura once more.

"Dear, dear Grandma! If I could only go to her," sobbed the lady through her tears. "It is nearly forty miles from here, and the place is accessible by neither railroad or stage."

Wallace was greatly touched. "Do not weep so, dear Miss Mead," he said, pressing her hand; "I would accompany you myself, if it were not for my engagement with Ellise!"

"Oh! if you only could? If the engage-

ment might be postponed! But forgive me! I know not what I say. Oh! Grandmother, if I could only hear you bless me once more," and the tears flowed faster than ever through her white fingers.

Whether these were occasioned by her grandmother's illness, or her fears of losing Wallace, Laura alone knew. Her grandmother was really ill—this was afterward proven incontrovertibly.

"Truly, Miss Mead, I never thought of that. Our journey might be delayed two or three days. It would undoubtedly disappoint Ellise, but then the circumstances certainly would fully excuse the delay."

The look of gratitude that flashed up through the tears that softened those brilliant eyes, settled the matter. It was arranged they should leave early in the morning. It was too late to see Ellise that night, and Wallace wrote a hasty apologetic note, which explained the cause of his default.

Three days had passed. They had been long and weary ones to Ellise Hart, for a dim apprehension of evil had rested all this time on the girl's glad spirit. She sang as usual around her home, but the old spirit was not in the tune, for the unknown hand was writing its prophesy of sorrow on her heart. She could not interpret it, and whispered to herself she must be growing nervous. There was nothing in Wallace's brief but affectionate note to occasion her alarm. Of course courtesy demanded that he should accompany Miss Mead, how muchsoever this might conflict with his inclinations.

"Ellie! Ellie! I have a letter for you," and little Mary Hart danced into the room, on the afternoon of that "third day," and laid it in her sister's lap, for the office was between the child's school and her home.

The address was in Wallace's chirography. His betrothed opened it eagerly and read:

"ELLISE: I have a request to make of you—one which will brand me forever in your opinion, as the worst, and the basest of men—no matter! I cannot seem to you worse than I feel myself. Ellise, will you dissolve our engagement!"

"Yesterday I learned that Laura loved me, with all the fervor of her deep, rare, noble nature; loved me, as you, with all your sweetness and gentleness, never could.

"In my weakness or madness, I asked her to be my wife, and, with your consent, our marriage will be consummated before the close of the week. I do not ask you to forgive me, or to

show me any mercy, even in your thoughts, for I deserve none, only thank God, that you were spared linking your future with one so utterly unworthy of you.

"I loved you Ellise, I love you now, perhaps better than I do Laura, although she has shown me that our tastes assimilate, that our souls will be married to each other, as yours and mine never could be. But this writing is too painful. May God bless you, Ellise! prays as he dare not pray for himself,

"WALLACE TREAT."

An hour later, little Mary, who was playing among the bushes, in the front yard, saw Ellise coming toward her, and her face was very white. "Mary," she said, in a tone which awed the child into silent obedience, "here is a letter. Take it immediately to the office, before the mail closes." And Mary took it, and Ellise walked slowly back to the house, and sat down in her old place, covering her face with her hands.

Soon afterward her mother went into the room. She knew nothing of what had happened, but the girl's white face frightened her. Ellise pointed to the letter, and said, calmly, "I have answered it."

I cannot describe the feeling which electrified all Moss Glen, or the bitter words that were heaped on Walter and Laura Treat, when the next week brought the tidings of their surreptitious marriage.

Ellise bore herself bravely through it, attending to all her social and domestic duties as usual. Many tears were shed by those who loved her, but there was a quiet dignity, and self possession in her manner, which precluded all conversation on this subject.

Her friends rejoiced to see she was so little afflicted by her lover's desertion, but I looked through her deep eyes into her heart, and I knew it was broken.

Autumn came, and when the winds began to take up the first notes of the year's Doxology, and the crimson banners to flutter among the forest trees, Ellise showed first those symptoms of disease which had lain all her father's family, in the prime of their days, under the grave-grass of Moss Glen.

The doctor shook his head when he saw her. There was, in her case, he said, a hereditary proclivity to consumption, but much suffering only could have developed it so early.

She lingered with us through the next Winter and Spring, ripening more and more for that home where the very winds are one eternal Hallelujah.

She forgave those who had so deeply wronged her, and in the bright June time the angels came for her.

Wallace Treat is a rich man, and an honorable one, in the city where he and his elegant wife have taken up their abode; but those who know them best say that in his dreams he moans of Ellise, and mutters of the sweet face, with its long brown hair, and blue mournful

eyes, that come out of the grave to reproach him.

Laura's brilliant eyes, too, are often dimmed with the tears she sowed in her own heart, and though, in her gorgeous home, her head rests on the heart of the husband she loves, she is not happy! God save us from the prosperity of the wicked.

HEART SHADOWS.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

I'm gazing down Life's vista dim,
A dark and tangled maze;
My Fancy spreads the Future out,
I read with eager gaze.

A chequered path before me lies,
O'ercast by Sorrow's gloom;
Thick clouds obscure the Summer skies,
Flowers fading ere their bloom.

Hope's star hid by the leaden clouds,
Life seemeth darkest Night;
Will it be long ere Morning dawn,
With blessed, cheering light?

I cannot crush these yearnings down,
They burn with quenchless glow;
My sad heart asketh with a moan
Will it be always so?

No smile of welcome when I come,
No words of tenderness,
No eye to bend on me a glance
Responsive to my gaze?

No love-warm lips pressed close to mine,
No strong arm round me thrown,
No own heart's home of holy love,
Sad, weary, all *alone*?

Hush! poor, weak heart, thy bitter wail,
Cease thy vain, useless quest,
Trust in God's love, *that will not fail*
Calming thy soul's unrest.

Hope whispers softly thro' the gloom,
'Twill not be always Night;
A brighter, better Day will dawn,
Illumed by Heavenly light.

Oneida N. Y. Sept. 1857.

SLEEP.

WHEN in the silvery moonlight
The lengthened shadows fall,
And the silence of night is dropping
Like the gentle dew on all;

When the river's tranquil murmur
Doth lulling cadence keep,
And blossoms close their weary eyes,
He giveth all things sleep.

From the little bud of the daisy,
And the young bird in the nest,
To the humble bed of the peasant child,
All share that quiet rest.

It comes to the poor man's garret,
And the captive's lonely cell;

On the sick man's tossing feverish couch,
It lays a blessed spell.

And the Holy One who sends it down
For a healing and a balm,
Doth bless it with a mighty power
Of peacefulness and calm.

He counts the buds that fade and drop,
And marks all those who weep;
And closes weary, aching eyes
With the holy kiss of sleep;

The truest comfort He has given
For all earth's pain and woe,
Until that glorious life beyond
Nor tears nor sleep shall know.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE danger which threatened Madeline had suddenly taken on a new and more alarming aspect. With the removal of Mrs. Jeckyl from the house of Mr. Dainty, it was believed that all direct influence had ceased, and that whatever of evil she had wrought upon the child would gradually lose its power over her as time progressed. But the enemy had not left the field; there was only a change of position.

The detail by Agnes, in an excited manner, of what had occurred in the City Square, sent through all hearts a thrill of fear. In the family council, Mr. Dainty talked indignantly of the police and arrest, while Mr. Fleetwood, for the most part silent, walked the floor with uneasy footsteps.

"I shall not dare to let Madeline pass our own threshold," said Mrs. Dainty, in a troubled voice, "though she is dying for change of air, and change of scene. Oh! Isn't it dreadful?"

"The woman must be arrested," Mr. Dainty announced, for the tenth time, the only remedy he had to suggest.

"What good?" inquired Uncle John.

"We will have her bound over to keep the peace," said Mr. Dainty.

Uncle John shook his head, as he answered: "You cannot bind the influence of her evil eye. It may fall upon our precious one at any moment least expected, and in spite of all law or police. The danger comes from a new direction, and is too subtle in its nature to be restrained by common bonds."

"What, then, are we to do?" asked Mrs. Dainty, wringing her hands in a distressed manner.

But no one ventured a reply to her question.

After a long and troubled session, the family council broke up, without having arrived at any satisfactory result beyond the common conclusion that it would not be safe to let Madeline, in her present state, go out, and thus be in danger of meeting the strange woman, who had thrown so fearful a spell over her young spirit.

Singularly enough, the child, from this time, showed a restless desire to get away from the house. Instead of creeping into lonely rooms, by herself, she would seek the front windows and door, and stand gazing into the street, her

(284)

eyes wandering up and down among the passengers, as if in search of some one. When taken from the door or windows, she would resist, and, sometimes, fall into passionate fits, that left her in a strange stupor. Three times within a week she attempted to steal away, and once she succeeded in getting off, but was met by her father, who happened to be returning home, when only a few blocks distant. To his inquiries as to where she was going, she replied, "to the Square." After a slight opposition, she concluded to go back with him, but was moody and ill-natured for the rest of the day.

So it continued for weeks, with but little change for the better. Mrs. Dainty's fears were all the while excited, and she never felt comfortable a moment when Madeline was out of her presence.

One day, in taking her usual after dinner sleep, Mrs. Dainty was visited by a frightful dream about Madeline, so vivid in its character as to awaken her. Her first impulse, the moment bewildered thoughts ran clear, was to seek for her child. "Madeline!" she called, going to her chamber door. For a moment or two she stood listening, then called in a louder voice, "Madeline! Madeline!"

"Madeline!" It was the voice of the oldest daughter, calling from the Library.

"Agnes! Where is Madeline?"

"I do not know," replied Agnes, coming towards her mother. "I heard her and George up in the nursery not long ago. Perhaps she is there. George!"

A pair of rapid feet responded noisily to the call.

"George, where is your sister?"

"Don't know," answered the boy.

"Isn't she in the nursery?"

"No, ma'am."

"I heard you and her talking there not long ago," said Agnes.

"She went down stairs for a piece of cake a good while ago."

Agnes almost flew down to the kitchen, and inquired of the chamber-maid, whom she found there, if she had seen Madeline.

"I heard her come down stairs, a little while ago, and I think she went into the parlor," replied the chamber-maid.

One of the parlor shutters was found pushed

open, the curtain drawn aside, and a chair out of position.

"She has been here," said Mrs. Dainty, in a choking whisper.

"Perhaps she has fallen asleep somewhere," suggested a domestic.

"Search through the house, everywhere!" replied Mrs. Dainty. "Look into all the rooms and closets! How could you lose sight of her!"

But they searched in vain. The child was not in the house!

"Where is Uncle John?" asked Mrs. Dainty, in her terror and bewilderment.

Mr. Fleetwood entered from the street at the moment his name was mentioned, and in no way lessened the anxious fears of his niece, by his troubled exclamations on learning that Madeline was nowhere to be found in the house.

"I have trembled every day in fear of this!" said the old man, pacing the floor in great agitation. "How could you leave her unguarded!"

Not long, however, did Mr. Fleetwood remain inactive. After sending word to Mr. Dainty, and despatching servants in various directions to search through all the neighborhood, he went out himself, and commenced a series of close inquiries, at all the stores and offices, within several squares.

"Had she curly hair?" inquired a boy, who was buying something at one of the stores visited by Mr. Fleetwood.

"Yes," answered the old gentleman, with a sudden eagerness of manner.

"And wore a blue frock?"

"Yes."

"Was bare-headed?"

"Yes."

"I saw her going down the street a good while ago. An old woman, dressed in black, had her."

"Going down the street, where?" asked Mr. Fleetwood, with increasing excitement.

"By our house," replied the boy.

"Where is your house?" demanded the old gentleman, in a voice that startled not only the lad, but all other inmates of the store.

"Round in Rager street."

"Which way did you say they were going?"

"Towards Fifth street."

"I'll give you ten dollars if you'll find them!" said Mr. Fleetwood.

"Will you!" And the lad dropped his package on the counter, and started for the door.

"Ten dollars?" He paused for re-assurance.

"Yes—ten gold dollars. Now move on their track like lightning! But stay! You are to report yourself at my house, the number of which is on the card. Let us hear from you speedily. Now, away!"

The boy disappeared from the door, and went flying down the street.

Still pursuing his inquiries, Mr. Fleetwood met with others who confirmed the boy's statement, that a child, resembling Madeline, had been seen in company with an old woman dressed in black. This caused him to visit the Chief of Police, and secure his efficient aid in the matter, thus putting in operation the most vigilant means of discovery.

It was nearly an hour after Mr. Fleetwood left the house, when, disappointed in any good result, he returned to the anxious, frightened family, to meet pale, tearful faces, and trembling inquiry. Mr. Dainty and the servants had also been in search of the lost one, but their search had proved quite as fruitless. The boy who had hoped to gain the reward of ten dollars, had likewise reported himself. He had spent an hour in vain.

Night came down upon the fearfully disturbed inmates of Mr. Dainty's family, and yet Madeline was absent. Nothing whatever could be learned in regard to her, except the single fact mentioned by the boy, and confirmed by others, that a little girl resembling her had been seen in company with an old woman dressed in black.

CHAPTER XVII.

"It is nearly a week since Mr. Fleetwood was here," said Mrs. Elder, as she placed her work-basket on the table, and drew up a chair.

Florence, who had just brought in a lighted lamp, sighed, but made no answer to the remark.

"He seemed more than disappointed, I thought, at your persistent refusal to make any ventures towards a reconciliation with Mrs. Dainty," added Mrs. Elder.

"Yes; he was offended." There was a touch of sadness in the low voice of Florence Harper.

"No, not offended, dear?" said Mrs. Elder, quickly. "That is too strong a word. He was disturbed."

"He asks of me too much, Aunt Mary." Florence spoke with some warmth. "I am but human."

"Perhaps he does. But the condition of things at Mrs. Dainty's must be his excuse. See into what a state of mind Madeline has fallen."

"Poor child! I cannot sleep, sometimes, for thinking of her," said Florence,

"I can hardly wonder at Mr. Fleetwood, seeing that his heart is wrapped up in those children. He has seen how much power for good you can have over them, and now that an evil hand is at work, seeking to mar the sweet beauty of Madeline's spirit, can you feel surprise at his eagerness to bring her again within the sphere of your influence? I cannot, Florence."

"Then you think I ought to go?"

Aunt Mary was silent.

"Mrs. Dainty has not desired my return."

"She has not communicated such desire, but Mr. Fleetwood has over and over again said that only weak pride keeps her from doing so. Shall not something be conceded for the children's sake?"

"If you think I ought to call and see Mrs. Dainty, as Mr. Fleetwood proposes, I will go tomorrow," said Florence.

Aunt Mary was silent.

"You will not advise me?" Florence spoke in a perplexed voice.

"If you act from my advice, you will not act freely," said Mrs. Elder, "the question, moreover, is one of such difficult solution, that I do not see it clearly enough to speak with decision."

The bell at this moment rung violently, causing both Florence and her aunt to start and look with inquiring eyes into each other's faces. A few moments afterwards a man's feet were heard moving quickly along the passage.

"Mr. Fleetwood!" ejaculated Mrs. Elder, rising as the old gentleman entered hurriedly.

"Florence," said Mr. Fleetwood, in an agitated manner, as he laid his hand upon the arm of Miss Harper, "you are wanted!"

"For what? Has any thing happened to the children?"

"Yes, something dreadful! Madeline is lost or stolen!"

"Oh, Mr. Fleetwood! Lost! Stolen! What do you mean?"

"Madeline has been gone from the house for several hours; and we have searched for her everywhere in vain. Two or three persons in the neighborhood are positive that they saw her, or a child answering in all things her description, in company with a woman dressed in black. That infamous Mrs. Jeckyl, without doubt!"

"Dreadful! Dreadful!" exclaimed Florence, clasping her hands, and turning very pale.

"Ah, Florence! Florence!" said Mr. Fleetwood, "if you had only thrown the wings of your love around her, this would not have been!"

Florence covered her face with her hands, and for some moments wept bitterly.

"I have only wished to do right," she said, at length, with forced composure. "More has been required of me, heretofore, than I had strength to perform. But speak, now, Mr. Fleetwood; I am ready to move at your bidding."

"Poor Agnes is almost beside herself. A little while ago she said, in her mother's presence, 'Oh! if Miss Harper were only here.' And her mother said in reply, 'If she had not left us, this could not have happened.' The way is plain for you, dear child! Come with me! Come!"

The old man's voice was pleading and tremulous. His heart was overburdened.

"This moment," replied Florence, as she turned and glided from the room. In less than a minute, she re-entered the little parlor, with bonnet and shawl, ready to accompany Mr. Fleetwood. She had no cause to complain of her reception at Mrs. Dainty's. Agnes, the moment she entered, sprung forward to meet her, and laying her face down upon her bosom sobbed violently. Mrs. Dainty arose with a slight assumption of dignity, but gave her hand with far more warmth of manner than Mr. Fleetwood had hoped for.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Harper," she said. "Glad for the sake of Agnes. Oh! we are in dreadful trouble. Poor Madeline! Uncle John has told you all. Oh! my child! my child! Where can she be? It will kill me!"

And Mrs. Dainty fell into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Have you no further intelligence of Madeline?" Mr. Fleetwood inquired of Mr. Dainty.

"None. I have just returned from the Police Office. Not a word of the child, although reports have come in from all parts of the city."

"Where did Mrs. Jeckyl live at the time she came here," asked Florence. None could answer the question.

"Is there no one of whom she could be inquired about?"

"Mrs. Ashton, I think knows something in regard to her," said Mr. Fleetwood.

"Has any one been to see her?" inquired Florence.

"No one. We should have thought of that before," said Mr. Dainty. "Who knows her residence?"

Mrs. Dainty gave the required information, and a servant was despatched immediately, with a note to Mrs. Ashton. That lady could not say where Mrs. Jeckyl lived, but thought she was at a certain boarding-house in Twelfth street. Thither Mr. Dainty went, without delay.

"Does a Mrs. Jeckyl board here?" he inquired of the waiter who came to the door.

"No, sir," was answered, in a tone plainly enough conveying the information that the woman about whom he made inquiry was known to the servant.

"When did she leave?" he asked.

"A month ago?"

"Where can I find her?"

"Don't know."

"Where did she go when she left your house?"

"Don't know, sir."

The waiter's manner showed some impatience, as if the very name of the woman were an offence to him.

"I wish to see Mrs. Brainard. Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir. Walk into the parlor, and I will call her down."

Mr. Dainty went into the parlor, and in a few moments the woman who kept the boarding-house entered.

"You had a Mrs. Jeckyl here a few weeks ago?" said Mr. Dainty.

"I had."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"No, sir." Mrs. Brainard's voice had in it something of impatience, and something of disgust.

"When did she leave your house?"

"Nearly four weeks ago."

"Where did she go?"

"I really cannot answer the question, sir. I was so glad to get her out of my house that I let all interest in her die the moment she was beyond my door."

"Do not any of your servants know where she went?"

"It is possible, sir. I will inquire of the chamber-maid."

"If you please, for I must find her, alive or dead!"

"Is there any thing wrong about her?" asked Mrs. Brainard, curiously.

"I am afraid she has stolen my child!" said Mr. Dainty, his manner growing excited.

"Stolen your child!" Mrs. Brainard grew pale and agitated, and her eyes turned towards a little girl, not seven years old, who at the

moment entered the room. She reached out her hand, and the child drew to her side. The moment Mrs. Brainard's arm could be thrown around the little one, she clasped her eagerly, as if she felt that she had just escaped impending danger.

"If you can aid me in tracing her," said Mr. Dainty, "you will confer the highest benefit."

Mrs. Brainard left the room, and returned in a little while with the chamber-maid, who thought Mrs. Jeckyl went to a house in Fifth street near Noble. The name of the person who kept the house she did not remember. This was all the chamber-maid could tell. The waiter was questioned, but from him nothing was elicited.

"How did this woman conduct herself, while in your house?" asked Mr. Dainty.

"She made herself very offensive to most of my boarders, but gained a singular influence over two of them—ladies, who were invalids, and had been suffering for years with nervous complaints. She is a woman of masculine intellect, sir. Few men are her equal in an argument. Her satire is withering."

"So I should infer from the little I saw of her. You speak of her influence over two ladies in your family. How was this obtained?"

"In what I regard as a very disorderly way. Mrs. Jeckyl is a 'medium,' as it is called."

"A mesmerist," said Mr. Dainty.

"Or spiritualist, as some say. The thing has various names."

"The power, if any power is possessed by these people," said Mr. Dainty, with strong evidence of feeling, "is demoniac."

"Just what I have said from the beginning," replied Mrs. Brainard. "I have seen much evil, but no good result from these disorderly practices. Had I known Mrs. Jeckyl to be a 'medium,' she would not have found entrance into my house. I have closed my doors against more than one of them."

"Then Mrs. Jeckyl mesmerised the ladies to whom you refer?"

"She had table-tippings, rappings, writings, and all sorts of diabolical going on in their rooms for nearly a week, turning the heads of my boarders, when I closed down upon her with a strong hand, adding a notice to vacate her apartment. She demurred, and was insolent. But I have a will of my own, sir, and was not to be thwarted. If she had not left at the time specified in my notice, I would have had her trunk set out on the pavement."

"I cannot but applaud your spirit," said Mr. Dainty. "Desperate diseases require des-

perate remedies. But time passes, and I must not linger. What you say of the woman only adds to my anxiety and fear. I must find her, and rescue my child, ere sleep closes an eyelid."

"Heaven give you success!" said Mrs. Brainard.

Taking a carriage, Mr. Dainty was driven rapidly to Fifth and Noble, where he alighted, and commenced to make inquiries from house to house; but no one had heard of a Mrs. Jeckyl. After a fruitless search of half an hour, it occurred to him that the woman might have assumed another name; so he went over the ground again, describing her person.

"There was such a woman here," He received this reply at one of the houses where he called.

"Was her name Jeckyl?"

"No sir, I think it was Hawks. But I'll inquire, sir, if you'll wait a minute. Won't you walk in?"

Mr. Dainty entered the house, and was shown into one of the parlors, where, after waiting a short time, a lady joined him.

"Pardon this intrusion," said Mr. Dainty, rising. "But I am in search of an English woman, who some three or four weeks ago took boarding in this neighborhood. Your servant informs me that there was a person here answering to her description."

"What was the name of the woman of whom you are in search?" was inquired.

"Jeckyl," replied Mr. Dainty.

The lady shook her head.

"She may have reason to pass by another name," remarked Mr. Dainty.

"I don't know how that may be. A tall sinister looking English woman, with an eye that held a lurking serpent, took boarding here some weeks ago. But she only remained three or four days. She was disagreeable to us, and we made ourselves disagreeable to her; and so we parted."

"Where did she go?" Mr. Dainty asked eagerly.

The lady shook her head.

"No one in this house knows. She went as she came, a marvel and a mystery."

"And beyond this you can give no information in regard to her?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Dainty stood for some moments silent and perplexed. Then with a sickening sense of disappointment, he retired, and entering the carriage which awaited him at the door, ordered the driver to take him to his own

house as rapidly as possible. He brought with him neither light nor comfort, and found none awaiting his arrival. Not a single gleam of intelligence touching the absent one had shone in upon his afflicted family.

What more could be done? The evening had waned, and it was now past the hour of nine. To abandon all search for the night seemed cruel; yet, without a single clue to unravel the mystery of the child's absence, what step could be taken towards accomplishing her recovery? Whither were they to go in search of her?

The wretched mother, from a state of almost frantic excitement, had fallen into a condition little removed from stupor. The family physician was called in to see her, but he prescribed nothing. Her trouble was beyond the reach of any medicines he could give.

Anxious and sleepless was that night in the house of Mr. Dainty. Early in the morning the search for Madeline was renewed; but the day passed without any good, and night closed down again upon the afflicted family in darkness and tears. Not the least active in this search was Miss Harper. With a perseverance and assiduity unknown to the sterner sex, she steadily sought to find the clue that was to unravel the mystery of Madeline's absence. Starting where Mr. Dainty had begun, at Mrs. Brainard's, she went from thence to the house in Fifth street, where a woman answering to the description of Mrs. Jeckyl had made a brief sojourn. Beyond this point, Mr. Dainty had failed to go; but Florence was not to be thrown off so easily. Her woman's tact and feeling all came in to quicken the interest of every member in the family, and the result was a declaration on the part of a servant, who was questioned repeatedly, that she thought she could recognize the hack driver who took the woman, with her trunk, away.

In company with this servant, an Irish girl, Florence visited the various hack stands in the city, but at none of them did the girl recognize any driver as the one for whom they were in search, and they were going back, the heart of Florence heavy with disappointment, when her companion exclaimed,

"Deed, and that's the very mon himself! So it is!"

And she pointed to a hackman who was leisurely driving his carriage along just in advance of them.

To spring forward was but a natural impulse, and in a moment the driver reigned up his horses at the sign given by Florence. Leaving

his box, he stepped to the pavement, saying as he did so :

"Want a carriage, Miss!"

"I wish to ask you a question or two, first," replied Florence, slightly confused at the abruptness with which she was confronted with the man.

"As many as you please, Miss," returned the hack driver.

"How long is it since that woman left your house?" asked Florence, turning to the girl.

"About two weeks," was answered.

"In the morning or afternoon?"

"In the morning."

"And this is the man who drove her away?"

"I think so. He looks like him, any way."

"About two weeks ago," said Florence, now addressing the hack driver, "a tall woman, dressed in black, was taken, with her trunk, from a house in Fifth street, near Noble. Do you remember any thing about it? Were you the driver?"

"I was," replied the man.

The whole frame of Miss Harper quivered instantly, with an eager impulse.

"Can you take me to the house where you left her?" she asked.

The man stood in thought for some moments, and then answered :

"I think so."

"Will you accompany me?" Florence spoke to the girl.

"Certainly, Miss, I am at your service."

"Drive me there as quickly as possible."

And Florence stepped towards the door of the carriage, which was instantly thrown open by the hackman. Entering, with the girl, she seated herself, and was soon driven rapidly away towards the northern part of the city, and through streets with the aspect of which she was unfamiliar. At last the carriage stopped before a house of not over inviting exterior. It was old, dingy-looking, and had a deserted aspect, all the shutters being closed, to the third story.

"This is the place, Miss," said the driver, as he opened the carriage door.

"Are you certain?" inquired Florence, a slight tremor running along her nerves as she looked up at the house.

"Dead sure," replied the hackman, in a confident voice. "I know the house by its shut-up look. I've passed here many a time, and have never seen a window open yet, or the sign of a human about the house."

"Come," said Florence to the Irish girl, and the two stepped from the carriage, and crossing

the pavement, ascended the steps. The bell was rung, and after waiting for a few moments, the door opened, and a slightly-formed girl, about fifteen years of age, with a singularly interesting face, inquired their errand.

"Does a Mrs. Jeckyl live here?" asked Florence.

"No ma'am," replied the girl.

"Mrs. Hawks?" said the companion of Florence.

The girl shook her head.

"We were told," said Florence, "that a woman bearing one of these names, came to your house about two weeks ago. She was a tall English woman, dressed in black."

"Won't you come in and see my mother?"

And the girl moved back a pace or two from the door.

According to the invitation, Florence stepped over the threshold, and entered the house, following the girl, who conducted her into the back parlor, which was feebly lighted by the rays that came in through a small opening in the shutters.

"Sit down," said the girl, "and I will call my mother." And she passed, with a gliding motion, noiselessly from the apartment.

The eyes of Florence soon accommodated themselves to the feeble light, and gazing around the room, she noted its contents with curious interest. The furniture was meagre and plain, the carpets worn, and the window curtains faded. A few articles, which seemed the relics of a better condition, indicated the possession of taste. While yet engaged in making these observations, Florence, whose eyes had been peering into the adjoining parlor, the shutters of which were closed tightly, turned her head and met the steady, penetrating gaze of a woman who had entered so silently that no sound of footfall had disturbed the air.

This woman was in height a little above the medium stature; of slender proportions; with an unusually high and broad forehead; faded, almost sallow complexion; eyes black as coals, yet bright as fire; lips arching, thin, and flexible; and a delicate, receding chin. Florence arose, and stood before the woman in momentary confusion, her eyes drooping beneath her singularly penetrating gaze.

"Pardon this intrusion?" said Florence, with considerable hesitation of manner. "I am in search of a person who, as I am informed, came to your house some time within the past two weeks."

The woman requested Florence to resume her seat, and then, drawing a chair in front of

her, said, in a low, musical, yet not altogether pleasant voice:

"What is the name of the person you are seeking?"

"Mrs. Jeckyl," replied Florence.

The woman shook her head.

"She has gone by the name of Hawks, I believe," said Florence.

Another shake of the head, accompanied by the remark,

"I do not know any one bearing either name."

"She is an English woman, tall of stature."

"Ah!" The response was in a quick voice, in which was a shade of surprise.

"She dressed in black," said Florence.

"Did you say her name was Jeckyl?" asked the woman.

"Yes. But I believe she has also gone by the name of Hawks."

"Was she young or old?"

"Past the middle point of life."

"A woman answering your description was here about two weeks ago, and remained several days. But her name was Fordham."

"Another alias, no doubt," said Florence, in a quickened voice. "And now, Madam, if you will tell me where I can find her, you will confer an obligation beyond all price."

"Is she a relation?" inquired the woman, looking steadily into the excited face of her young visitor.

"No!" answered Florence, with an expression of disgust.

"Why do you seek her?" The manner and tone of the woman threw a chill over the feelings of Miss Harper.

"The person I seek has, it is feared, enticed away, or stolen, a little girl, whose mother is almost beside herself in consequence."

"A grave charge to bring against any one," said the woman, seriously. "I hardly think it can apply to Mrs. Fordham."

"You know something of her antecedents, then?" Florence spoke inquiringly.

"Nothing," answered the woman, almost coldly.

"Where can I find her now?"

"I have neither seen nor heard of her since she left my house," said the woman.

The look of distress that settled on the countenance of Miss Harper, seemed to awaken a motion of sympathy in the woman's heart.

"Whose child is missing?" she inquired in a soft voice.

"The child of Mrs. Edward Dainty, number 400 — street; a little girl, eleven years old.

She has been absent since yesterday. The woman suspected of the crime of enticing her away was employed, a short time ago, as governess, but dismissed almost immediately, in consequence of certain defects that entirely destroyed her right influence over the children."

"What were these defects?" inquired the woman, evincing a new interest in the matter.

"She attempted, it was thought, to magnetize the children."

"Ah!" The woman seemed more interested and leaned towards Florence, fixing upon her, as she did so, her dark, bright, weird-looking eyes. There was a brief pause.

"Well, what of it?" inquired the woman, seeing that Florence remained silent.

"The consequences were serious, so far as the little girl I refer to was concerned," said Florence. "She was changed almost from the hour Mrs. Jeckyl drew her within the sphere of her influence."

"Delicately organized, and easily impressed, no doubt." The woman spoke half to herself.

"She is a sweet, lovely child," said Florence, "and it is terrible to think of her pure, almost infantine spirit, coming within the sphere of such a woman. Death, in my regard, would be a blessing instead."

"You speak warmly on the subject," said the woman.

"I have cause to do so, for I feel warmly," said Florence.

"You have met Mrs. Jeckyl, as you call her?"

"No. Happily, I never crossed her path. My foot has not touched the slime of her serpent-trail!"

The woman's face darkened, as if a shadow had fallen upon it.

"If the person you call Jeckyl, and the one who passed a few days in my house, are the same," she said, "your language is far too strong. Though she is to me, partially, a stranger, yet I have had testimony in regard to her, of the highest and most authoritative character. I know her quality as well as if I had seen her heart laid open and read it like the pages of a book. She belongs to an exceptional class in the present time. To ordinary people she is unintelligible. The high purposes of her life are not appreciated by them. She cannot be weighed in their balance."

The woman spoke rapidly, and with enthusiasm, quick changes running over her face, and her eyes brightening and darkening, by turns, like a stormy sky. A low shudder of fear crept into the heart of Florence, as she

looked at this woman; and the Irish girl who accompanied her, and who had until now remained standing, moved backwards towards the door of the room, gaining which, as a point of advantage, she said:

"Deed, and Miss, I think as how we'd as well be going from here."

"Stay a moment." And Florence reached forth a hand towards the girl.

"I shouldn't wonder if I was riding on a broomstick, next!" muttered the latter, as she receded into the passage.

"Don't go, if you please. I will be with you directly." There was a tremor of anxiety in the tones of Florence.

"I will not call in question a word you have said," remarked Florence, speaking in a deprecatory tone, as she turned to the woman.

"All I ask, now, is that you give me some clue by which I can trace this person, from the time she left your house. That is my errand here, and I beg, in the name of humanity, that you will satisfy it to the extent of your ability."

"I asked her no questions when she left," replied the woman. "She came with a message from an absent one in the upper spheres—a message that filled my heart with reverent gladness. As an honored guest, she remained for a few days an inmate of my house, and then went as she came. The spirits led her here, and the spirits withdrew her in their own good time. She is gifted in a high degree, and they have chosen her as one of their most favored messengers to darkly wandering mortals. I bless the day she came to this house. Ah! now I see the white garments, and now the angel-face of that blessed daughter, who ten years ago left my heart desolate."

The woman's eyes were elevated, and she seemed in an extatic vision.

"She removed the veil from my dull eyes—that honored messenger!" she continued, "and by a pure vision, I now see beyond the dark boundary which conceals the beautiful world, where the blessed ones dwell. She, likewise, unstopped my ears, so that they can hear spirit voices. I hearken to them all day long."

"I call nothing of this in question," said Florence, rising, and moving towards the door; "but other matters of interest press on me too imperatively for delay. Once again let me implore you to give me some light. Think again! Is there no one likely to be informed of her present home, to whom you could refer me. Let your mother's heart counsel for me, in this matter!"

"I trust the spirits in all things. For wise ends they have hidden from me all that pertains to their favored messenger. She came in mystery, and departed as she came. In the spirit I meet her almost daily. In the body I know her not."

The Irish girl had already retreated beyond the outer door, and stood upon the marble steps. Hopeless of gaining any information here, touching the object of her search, Florence, over whose spirit had fallen a strange, suffocating fear, as if her very life were waning, turned from the woman, and almost rushed, panic stricken, from the house.

"Dade, and its the devil's den!" ejaculated the Irish girl bluntly, as they crowded into the carriage. "I wouldn't go into that house again for a mint o' money. I expected every instant to see you spirited off!"

Florence did not answer the girl, but ordered the driver to leave her at the house in Fifth street, and then to take her to the residence of Mr. Dainty. She brought neither light, hope, nor comfort to those who had anxiously waited for her return, and found none for her own troubled heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE.—Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon: "Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short-lived enjoyments. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

FRENCH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

WE believe that the excessive restraints put upon young girls in France, as well as the excessive liberty given to young girls here, are both susceptible of advantageous modification. Considering the restraint in France as proceeding from a lack of, and the excessive liberty here from an exuberance of confidence, there is undoubtedly more abstract moral beauty in the latter. But, on the other hand, the restraint in France, whenever it takes its source in purer motives, seems to be more in harmony with the peculiar sphere of extreme youth. One great advantage growing out of it in France, is the social preponderance which it gives to married ladies; to ladies who bring their more mature age and riper experience to bear upon the social atmosphere, which consequently assumes a more dignified, more intellectual aspect, drawing within its circles the choicest specimens of humanity; while, wherever a different *regime* prevails, men of enlightened culture, and women of fine mental and social aspirations, busy themselves in the exclusiveness of domestic life, and desert a society which, being ruled by boys and girls, offers no particular attraction for those who seek in social circles more than the mere gratification of gymnastic exercises, like dancing, and the interchange of superficial sentiments. In this sense more real homage is paid to woman in France than even in our woman-worshipping country, since physical display, the mere animal buoyancy inherent in all female youth, is not the all-despotizing controller of society, and since womanhood is duly honored and respected, albeit years may have impaired her outward charms, and although marriage may have put her beyond the calculating aspirations of Benedicts and Lotharios. This not only elevates the tone of French society, but also relieves it from the odious nightmare of calculation, which, in societies controlled by young unmarried people, throws a wretched halo of moneyed selfishness over it, by engendering suspicions that a gentleman approaches a lady for the purpose of matrimony or engagement.

This material principle strips the social intercourse between ladies and gentlemen of much of its generous spontaneity; the sense of humanity is apt to be crushed out; man ceases to be man—he is either courted as a profitable suitor, or is put on the ban as an unprofitable acquaintance. On the other hand,

it is with women as with actors, only a few stars are noticed; the rest, unless possessed of great wealth, are put on the shelf of man's thought, while the young girls are left to have fine times with the young boys. There may be some good elements in a state of society established upon such precocious and unreasonable principles, as we may have opportunity to show on some other occasion. But at present we are only desirous to eliminate from the French social code those elements which, in our humble opinion, do more ample justice to women of every age.

The gratifying result of this more harmonious arrangement is not only palpable in the more elevated tone of society, but it also reacts powerfully upon the character, and, what is still more important, upon the domestic position of the French women. The greater social preponderance of the French mother and the French wife, gives her more weight and character with her children and husband. How can a young lady listen respectfully to the admonition of her mother, where the sense of social insignificance of that mother comes daily home to the daughter's mind? What mental and moral influence can a wife exercise over her husband, when the husband realizes every day that away from the hearth-stone the wife is a mere cypher? In France the mother preserves her moral and intellectual supremacy over the daughter, and the daughter cherishes reverential feelings of regard for the mother's judgment, by the dignity and authority which the mother derives from her social influence. In the same manner the matrimonial relation is benefitted by this influence. A truly high-minded husband loves to see his wife surrounded with social influence and pure homage, and thus to her other claims upon his affection and solicitude is added that of a respected member of society. This feature practically influences the mind of the French husband to a greater degree, perhaps, than other claims of a more sentimental nature.

CALAMITIES.—“I never knew any man,” says an old author, “who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian,” which reminds us of the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to herself a trial, and every one that happened to her friends a judgment.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, such a merry, merry Christmas as I shall have," murmured little Eva Leeds to herself, as she tied a small, but exquisitely fashioned glass birdcage to the Christmas tree, whose every bough bent under its wealth of sparkling toys—toys of all sizes, shapes, and colors. There were wax dolls, with soft blue eyes, and the rosiest cheeks and lips; there were daintily carved boxes of pearl, and of ivory; there were little nests of cottages, with women in the fore-ground no larger than a baby's fore-finger, scattering corn to a flock of chickens; there was a great Santa Claus in the centre, with a large bag strung over his shoulder, and a most grotesquely benevolent expression of countenance; there were horns of plenty, gaily decorated with blue ribbons; there were sugar churches, and glass palaces; but, my dear children, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to enumerate the many beautiful things with which every cedar bough of that Christmas tree was drooping, and I must leave the rest to your imaginations.

"How good Grandpa is," continued the little girl, as she stepped back and surveyed admiringly the glittering object before her, "to let me have all my class-mates here to-morrow, and have this nice Christmas tree for them. Won't they stare, though, when they see all these pretty things?"

"Ah, Miss Eva, you're a happy child," said Nan, the old black cook, who had lived with Eva's grandfather more than a score of years, as she came into the sitting-rooms to light the gas, for the short December day was fading into night.

"I know I am, Nan. I wish all little children were just as happy."

"And to think how many on 'em will go to bed without any supper, and get up to-morrow mornin and not so much as a crust to eat."

"You don't mean so, you don't really mean what you say, Nan," cried Eva, turning round sharply, and there was a startled look on her bright face.

But the bell rang at that moment, and Nan hurried off without replying to Eva's question.

So the little girl walked up and down the room with her hands behind her, while the night shadows dropped softly into the corners, and there was a new and strangely thoughtful expression on the fair face of Eva Leeds. She was thinking of her own bright, happy life, as free from care and sorrow as the merriest birds that ever sang a welcome to the Summer from amid boughs white with the blossoms of May. She was fatherless, and motherless, this little Eva Leeds, whose life counted eleven Christmases, and she was the one idol of her grandfather, a widower, childless old man, who was stern

and cold to everybody but his little grandchild, upon whom all the tenderness and affection of his nature seemed to concentrate.

It was touching to see how his face would kindle, and his tones soften, when she came and laid her little plump cheek against his, or wound her arms about his neck.

I have said Mr. Hughes, for this was the name of Eva's grandfather, was childless, but old Nan knew that when the lips of his oldest daughter ceased to call him "father," it was not because death had silenced them, but because he had sworn in his blind wrath that she should never speak to him, never enter his house again.

Mary Hughes had married clandestinely the son of her father's gardener, a worthy, intelligent young man; but he was poor, and his station in life was, of course, far below her's, and for this deed her father had taken a solemn vow never to forgive her. She had removed to the West with her husband, and neither had since been heard from. Little Eva knew something of this, for two years before, when her fair young mother lay on her death-bed, she had overheard part of a conversation between her and her grandfather.

The old man's face was very white as he walked up and down the room, so excited that Eva had fairly shuddered to look at him.

"Anything but that, Ellen," he said, in a thick hoarse voice. "Ask anything but that, and I will grant it. Remember my oath."

"But if they have children, Father," murmured the faint voice of the woman, who was dying, though they did not guess it then.

The old man went to the bedside. "Yes, Ellen, I promise you if she has children, and I ever know it, they shall not suffer." Then the nurse came and took Eva out of the room, and she heard no more.

And the little girl's thoughts, as she walks slowly up and down the room, go back to this hour, and she wonders for the first time in her life if her mother's sister "Mary" had any children, and if they have such a kind grandfather, and are happy as she is.

Suddenly the little girl walks to the window, and looking out on the street she sees two children standing in front of the house.

They are very poor; she divines this at once by the boy's old straw hat, and threadbare coat, and the little girl's faded calico dress, and old pink hood.

The boy is about Eva's age, the girl must be several years younger, and she is crying, and he is

seeking to comfort her, and evidently endeavoring to persuade her to go on further.

Somehow Eva's heart, (always a tender one,) is strangely softened to-night, and she longs to do something for that sorrowful-looking little boy and girl. She is an impulsive child, too, and so, without stopping to consider the matter, she rushes down stairs, and out the front door.

They are lighting the lamps up the street, and the cold wind sends a shudder through Eva's frame, as she bounds to the pavement.

"What ails the little girl?" she asks of the boy, in her soft voice.

He looks up in startled surprise, but something he finds in Eva's face, makes him answer: "Little sister is tired and cold, we have walked a long way, and she says she can't go any further."

"Well, come right into the house and get warm, and let her rest," answers Eva. "Then we can send somebody home with you."

"We haven't got any home now," says the boy sadly.

"Not got any home!" Eva stands still a moment, with surprise and pity, then taking hold of the little girl's hand she leads her into the house, without speaking another word, and the boy follows.

They go into the sitting-room, in the centre of which stands the Christmas tree with all its load of gifts, and the bright gas-light giving to every object in the luxuriously furnished room a new brilliancy, and the children stare round them, bewildered and overwhelmed, and the little girl is evidently quite alarmed, for she shrinks up close to her brother, and hardly dares to take the low chair that Eva offers her.

At this moment Grandfather Hughes comes into the room. He cannot be far from his seventieth birthday, for his hair is very white, and his brow is deeply furrowed, but his tall figure is erect, and he has a stately air and presence.

"Well, daughter, how is the Christmas tree coming on?" he asks in a cheery voice, then he starts, and asks, "Eva, how came these children here?"

"Why, you see, Grandpa, I asked them to come in and rest, and get warm, because they haven't any home."

"Well, my child, you should have sent them down into the kitchen."

And now the little girl lifts up her head, and looks at the old man. She has a pale, wistful face, with soft blue eyes, and sunny hair; and somehow it troubles the old man, and his thoughts go back to the time when just such a face as that sat on his knee, and sometimes nestled itself against his heart. He stands still, looking at the child until the tears come into her eyes, for she has a little coward heart.

"What is your name, little girl?" the voice of Grandfather Hughes is unusually gentle.

"Mary Neal."

The old man starts as though the words struck him. His face grows very pale, and he opens his

lips two or three times to speak, and then pauses as though it cost him a painful effort to do this.

At last he asks: "Where are your parents?"

"Willard can tell you," and the little girl turns to her brother.

He looks like his sister, but his hair and eyes are several shades darker, and he tells his story in a simple, straightforward way, which does not leave a doubt in your mind of its truth.

"Our father died four years ago, in Illinois. We lived there until Mamma began to grow sick, and then, about six months ago, we came to the city. Mamma took in sewing and supported us, but she grew worse all the time, and last week she died. Then they buried her, and Miss Watson, who lives in the chambers, kept us till to-day, but her husband drinks, and he swore we shouldn't stay any longer. But just before Mamma died, she called me to her, and told me there was a gentleman living on this street who was our grandfather, and I must go to him with little sister, and tell him 'Mary was dead, and this was all she had to leave him.' I've been all the afternoon trying to find the place, but I can't."

"What was your Grandfather's name, boy?" The old man leaned forward, and his breath panted through his lips as he asked the question.

"Joseph Hughes; have you ever heard of him, sir?"

The old man bowed his head a moment on his hands, and a sob shook his frame; the fountains, the long frozen fountains in his heart leaped up once more. "Mary, my little Mary!" and his tones were full of tenderness and remorse, but alas! they could not wake the dead. The old man rose up and drew the children to him.

"Yes, I will take you," he said. "You shall not want a home any longer; and I will be father and mother to you, my poor children, Mary's children! Eva, kiss your cousins." She understood it all, and she came forward and kissed them both very tenderly; and then she whispered,

"Grandpa, they are your Christmas gifts, aren't they?"

"My Christmas gifts!" murmured the old man. "God be praised! my Christmas gifts!"

BOOKS.—A good book is a lasting companion. Truths, which it has taken years to glean, are therein at once freely but carefully communicated. No one can be solitary who possesses a book: he owns a friend that will instruct him in moments of leisure or of necessity. It is only necessary to turn open the leaves, and the fountain at once gives forth its streams. We may seek costly furniture for our homes, fanciful ornaments for our mantel-pieces, and rich carpets for our floors; but, after the absolute necessities for a home, books are at once the cheapest, and certainly the most useful and abiding embellishments.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

DECEIVING CHILDREN.

I WAS spending a few days with an intimate friend, writes a correspondent of the *Independent*, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and what then seemed to me one who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's; it was a small social gathering of friends, therefore she was very desirous of attending; but her child demanded her presence with him. After undressing him, and hearing him say his prayers, she said,

"Willie, did you see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied, "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, very; now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

"Oh, yes, Mother, do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone;" thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go with you; won't you stay?"

"No, Willie! the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night, so be a good boy."

He said no more, but quietly lay down.

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street; "if you would but know the injury you are doing, you would take a different course."

"Injury!" she repeated, "why, what harm have I done? I did not tell him I *would* see the man, I only asked him if I *should*."

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the deception now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late. You have yourself grafted a thorn in the young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or elude the point, to make it less piercing. On your return he will not see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayier than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all in his power to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "Mother gone so long." It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiselessly into the room, supposing her boy asleep, but he heard her, and said,

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten? I kept awake to see it, and I was so sleepy."

"No, my dear; the man would not sell her."

"Why won't he, Mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, Mother?"

"He did not say *just* that, but I thought he meant so."

"I did want it so bad, Mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears started to his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep, with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks. The mother's glistened also. As she knelt to kiss them away, he murmured softly, in his broken slumber, "I did want it *so bad*." She turned her dewy eyes towards me, saying,

"You have led me to see my error. *Never* will I again, let what will be the consequences, deceive my child to please myself."

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED.

It is a blessing and advantage utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority, and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness of solid information; with tact, temper, patience, and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on any thing else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.

LAYING UP FOR CHILDREN.

MANY an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders.

Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, and the blessing of God, the better.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.—Well, what more of a bowl of bread and milk, than to *crumb* as much of the former as will suffice, and set it afloat with as much of the latter as may be desired for the meal? Can any thing more be done? Can a bowl of bread and milk be improved in preparing? I think it can; and will give my process. Instead of *crumbing* your bread, take that two or three days old, somewhat dry or "stale," and with a sharp knife cut it in thin slices, as you would dried beef for the tea-table. The unbroken pores of the bread thus prepared, will readily absorb the milk, though dry and hard, and you may at once commence the operation of *spooning* from a dish fit to feed to an infant.

Akin to this, is the preparation of a bowl of bread and milk with "condiments." As the season of small fruits is passing, a good substitute, and but little inferior to "Strawberries and cream," (especially if your strawberries are not *prime*), is, to cut your bread as above, then take a soft Sweet Bough, or other good sweet apple, (or, those who prefer, a mild sub-acid,) pare and cut in thin slices in the manner our mothers prepare for apple pies, and to this compound add your milk; and if you do not have a palatable dish your taste differs from ours. A good, ripe, sweet apple, *raw*, will give to the milk almost the richness of new cream. Try it and see.

CAKES, PUDDINGS AND PIES.—As domestic recipes seem to be the rule, says a correspondent of *Rural New Yorker*, and as I can mix up a good batch of bread occasionally, as well as play on the piano, I send you some of mine for your readers:

White Cake.—One pound loaf sugar, one pound flour, ten ounces butter, whites of ten eggs beaten to a froth, half teaspoonful cream tartar, one do. of soda.

Gold Cake.—One and a half cups sugar, half cup butter, the yolks of seven eggs, one cup sour cream, half teaspoonful of saleratus; spice to your taste.

Nice Cake.—Two cups sifted sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, four and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful saleratus.

Custard Pudding.—Milk and eggs the same as for any custard, add a little flour. To be eaten with sauce.

Composition Cake.—One pound loaf sugar, one do. flour, seven eggs, half pint sour cream, one pound butter, one teaspoonful saleratus, raisins to liking.

Water Cure Jumbles.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two cups sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda.

Cream Cake.—Two cups sugar, one do. butter, one do. sour cream, five eggs, four cups flour, one teaspoonful saleratus.

Lemon Pie.—Grate one lemon, one teacup sugar, one cup water, one tablespoon of flour, one egg.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

HOW TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY.—We clip the following from a newspaper, but do not endorse it. Housekeepers can try it, if inclined. A good cup of tea is a luxury not always to be had, and the fault is oftener in the decoction, than in the leaf—"The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this: The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water; then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used; the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom; the result is that the leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice."

TO STEW A PIECE OF BEEF OR MAKE BEEF BOUILLÉ.—Take a piece of beef, the brisket, or rump, or any other piece that will become tender. Put a little butter in the bottom of the stew-pan, and then putting in the meat, partially fry or brown it all over. Then take it out and lay two or three skewers at the bottom of the pan; after which replace the meat, which will be prevented from sticking to the pan by means of the skewers. Next put in as much water as will cover the meat. Stew it slowly with the pan closely covered, till done, with a few onions if required. Two hours are reckoned enough for a piece of six or eight pounds. When ready, take out the meat, and thicken the gravy with a little butter and flour. Cut down into handsome shapes a boiled carrot and turnip, and add them to the liquor; season with pepper, and salt, and a little ketchup. Boil all together for a few minutes, and serve in a hash dish.

CHEAP BROTH FOR A LARGE FAMILY.—Put a cupful of pearl barley into a pot with three quarts of cold water, and let it boil; then put in two pounds of neck or mutton; boil it gently for an hour, taking care to skim it occasionally, and watch it to prevent it boiling over. Then put in one grated carrot and two turnips, cut in small squares; an onion or two, sliced thin, or a leek, and two or three pieces of carrot and turnip uncut. Some persons add the half of a small cabbage, chopped small, boil for an hour longer, have some bits of stale bread cut into fingers laid in the bottom of your tureen, pour the soup over it and send to table.

MUFFINS.—Take one pint of new milk, one pint of hot water, four lumps of sugar, one egg, half a pint of good brisk yeast, and flour enough to make the mixture quite as thick as pound-cake. Let it rise well; bake in hoops on a griddle.

COFFEE.—Boiled coffee, it is well known, is superior to coffee made after the French fashion, by straining; but, when boiled in an ordinary coffee pot the fine aroma goes off with the vapor, leaving the infusion flat or bitter, hence a resort by many housekeepers to the French biggin. Recently there has been patented a new coffee pot, which entirely removes the common objection of waste of strength and flavor by evaporation in boiling. It is called the "Old Dominion Coffee Pot," and is made with a condenser at the top, in which two syphons are arranged. After the coffee and water are placed in the coffee pot, the condenser, containing a small portion of cold water, is put on, and the spout closed with a movable cap, so that not a particle of vapor can escape. As soon as the coffee begins to boil, the vapor, instead of being given off into the room, passes up one of the syphons and is condensed by the cold water, into which as much of the aroma as was carried off with the vapor, is discharged. As the coffee continues to boil, the vapor, loaded with the aroma, continues to pass through the syphon into the water held in the condenser, until this water is raised above the level of the other syphon, when the whole passes back, by suction, into the coffee below. Thus the coffee is boiled and yet does not lose a particle of its fine aroma, or strength.

Several attempts have been made to construct a coffee pot that would accomplish this desirable object, but until the "Old Dominion Coffee Pots" appeared, none were found entirely adapted to the purpose. It seems to be about as near perfection as can at present be attained. It is simple in construction, easily used; and will give good coffee always, at one-fourth less cost than by the old modes of boiling.

There are in coffee an aromatic and a bitter principle; in boiling, the aromatic, which is very volatile, escapes if the boiler is open, and the bitter remains. The excellence of coffee depends on the amount of aroma retained in boiling; but all know that this delicious fragrance of the berry is allowed to pervade the whole house for half an hour or so before breakfast, during the boiling process, and that in too many cases, the flavor of the coffee is so much impaired, that little or no enjoyment is found in the drinking. Coffee thus deprived of its aroma, is neither so pleasant to the taste, nor is healthy as a beverage.

We would recommend to housekeepers a trial of the "Old Dominion Coffee Pot," which some families have had in use for over a year, and say that they would on no consideration be without it, as it retains the whole of the strength, as well as the aroma of the berry. One-fourth less coffee is required. And this is a consideration, these times.

PUMPKIN PIE.—AN ENGLISH RECIPE.—Peel and cut a sufficient quantity into thin slices, first scraping out the seeds, and set it, with some dried currants and sugar, in a saucepan, over the fire, the

heat of which draws the juice out of the pumpkin, and makes it tender. No water is required. As this process occupies about three hours, it is better to stew the pumpkin the evening before it is wanted. By stewing the currants and sugar with the pumpkin a better flavor is imparted to it. When thoroughly tender, so that it might, if required, be passed through a colander, the stewed pumpkin, which dissolves in boiling, is to be put into crust, like mince-pies, which it much resembles in appearance and flavor; or a shallow dish may be covered with a thin crust, on which the mashed pumpkin and currants are to be spread; it is then to be covered with a crust and baked. A little candied lemon or orange peel is an improvement. In this form pumpkin pie is a wholesome and cheap substitute for mince pies. The pumpkin is in season in the Autumn and Winter.

PUMPKIN SOUP IN THE ITALIAN MANNER.—Take a quantity of pumpkin, according to the quantity of soup you wish to make; a pint of milk requires about a quarter of a pound of pumpkin. Take off the rind, and remove the seeds and surrounding parts; cut the pumpkin into pieces, and boil it with water for two hours, until it is reduced to a jelly, and the water is entirely consumed. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a little salt, and boil for a short time. Then boil separately a pint of milk, and add a sufficient quantity of sugar. Pour the milk over the pumpkin, then place some slices of bread in the dish in which the soup is to be sent to table, pouring over it some of the pumpkin soup. Cover the dish, and set it in a warm place for a quarter of an hour, to give the bread time to soak, but do not suffer it to boil, and send it to table with the rest of the soup.

THE BEST.—You will often hear a housekeeper who does the marketing, say, "I always buy the best of everything, and get the choicest cuts." But the best of everything, and the choicest cuts, often make very poor eating, for the amount of good food spoiled in cooking is enormous. Give more to the preparation of food, before it comes to the table, and you may save ten or twenty per cent by taking "cuts" of a poorer quality, and imparting to them delicacy and flavor. Here is a way to economize. Try it these hard times.

SYRUPS OF FRUIT.—These are prepared in a similar manner to capillaire, substituting the juices of the fruit in place of the water; in this way it is very easy to make syrup of oranges. Before the oranges are squeezed, to express their juice, each orange should be well rubbed or grated with the lump sugar—by so doing the fine flavor of the rind is preserved. All these syrups are drunk by diluting them with water. About a wine-glassful of syrup to a tumbler of water will be found to make a pleasant draught.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

EXPLANATION OF THE COLORED PLATE.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—The *mantilla* is called a *Tunisien*, being either of black *taffetas*, or black cloth, relieved by velvet bars or stripes, about three inches wide each, and garnished with fringe edges; the fringe on the edge of the hood or capuchin being much narrower than for the bottom of the mantle, as is always the case in trimming robes, as well as over-dresses. Mantles of this *genre* are generally black, and frequently made of a double-surfaced cloth, the outside being like a smooth broadcloth, and the inside a lion-skin, of short chamois wool, rendering it very light and warm, and the seams inside are covered with a black ribbon. The hood is richly ornamented with *erochet* fringe and tassels. In case the mantle be preferred of silk, it will be lined with silk, interlined and wadded; wool is much better than cotton to wad with; it is lighter and warmer, and sheets of proper thickness may be easily formed with a pair of hand cards, those useful but much neglected implements of ancient purity and simplicity.

The robe is of green silk, cut either pointed or a *basque* body, and with flounces edged with a wide band of black velvet; and two narrow velvet ribbons dividing the spaces of the flounces between the edgings.

The bonnet is of pink silk, trimmed with lace, the *dessous*, under the brim, being enlivened with three rows of blonde in box-plaits, and flowers with foliage. The curtain is covered with lace and a *demifanchon* of lace encircles the head, and falls over the crown. The ears of the bonnet are long, and edged with narrow lace, and while the shape of the bonnet approaches the parting of the hair over the forehead, at the ears it flares evasively. The brides or strings are of ribbons, sixteen numbers in width, and divided through the centre lengthwise; one half is plaid or figured, and the other half is plain.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—White velvet *epingle* bonnet, trimmed with lace and white chenille drops, ornamented with a tuft of parti-colored feathers. Narrow lace collar, with square ends. Lilac *taffetas* silk dress, of the new style of goods called *lais de cote*, being woven in colors, and so distributed and disposed as that the edges and the stripes up the sides shall appear in relief. Lemon color gloves; gaiters, either black or the same *nuance* of the dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In reference to over-dresses, the prettiest style for a *demoiselle*, is the *casaque*. The material is usually black broadcloth, and the linings are of silk serge or of black *satin de chinos*. The style of cut is of

the *surtout genre*, or of the *basque* cut across at the waist, with very full skirt, extending to within eighteen inches of the carpet, the flowing sleeves being the full *pagoda* cut, and the large useful hood, ornamented with two *chenille* tassels. All the edges are finished with a very narrow width of black lace, or with gimp-cord, and a succession of little silk tassels, two inches apart; or in lieu of tassels, balls or acorns are preferred by some, while yet others prefer a very narrow width of gimp sewed to the surface. The body is cut a trifle below the length of the waist, and the back is very narrow between the hip-buttoms, so as to disclose the pictorial curve of beauty in a symmetrical waist. The skirt is the fullest and rather the longest behind, and the sleeves are not cut too long.

As economy is now the prevailing fashion, we deem it our duty to merely explain the style of cut and color, leaving the quality to the wearer, promising that the plates for next year shall be an improvement on those of the present one.



1

HEAD-DRESSES.—We give a cap and head-dress of unusual richness:

No. 1, is a head-dress of *snowed* velvet. A light twist of velvet passes underneath the back hair, while the upper portion is arranged in four light, graceful folds, which are gathered in at the right side, and finished in a long pointed tab, edged with blonde, which floats gracefully over the neck and shoulder. The left side is adorned by a graceful ostrich plume, of snowy whiteness. The front hair

is arranged in waved *bandeaux*, while the back is formed in pretty serpentine braids half-concealed by the folds of velvet.



2

No. 2, is a cap formed of English point lace. The crown is round, and formed of a succession of rows of narrow lace set closely together, and ornamented by a cross-piece of rose-colored ribbons and black velvet; two rows of rich point-lace form a double curtain at the back, which is arranged with considerable fullness, and decorated with innumerable streamers of narrow rose-colored ribbons mingled with black velvet. The front is enriched by two rows of lace, which is extended at the side with considerable fullness, and ornamented by tufts of ribbons mingled with a profusion of rich lace.

DEEP BORDER FOR A VEIL IN SWISS LACE.—Materials.—Sufficient Brussels net for a veil or fall; and either French cambric or the finest widow's lawn for the end and sides. Dick's embroidery cotton, No. 10, and point lace cottons.

The design which we give may either be worked from the engraving or increased, according to the taste of the worker. A perfect section is engraved, and may be repeated as often as desired. It will require at least twelve repetitions for the width of a handsome fall. For the sides, the scrolls which form the edge, without any of the branches running from it, will be sufficient.

Mark the muslin or cambric for the entire veil, and tack it on the net. Then fold up all but a small piece which you begin working, and tack it in tissue paper to keep it clean. The part to be worked is tacked on a bit of *toile ciré*, and then the whole design is traced in embroidery cotton. It must then be sewed over. Every part of the engraving which is entirely white, is to be left in muslin; the ground is net, and where the fancy stitches occur, both materials are cut away, and the space filled with point lace stitches.

The outlines are sewed over, as neatly as possible,

with Valenciennes thread, No. 120; and it improves the appearance of the sewing when a thread of the same kind is held in, and sewed over.

The extreme edge of the veil is finished with a line of very neat button-hole stitch, worked over two tracing threads, run close to each other. After the superfluous net and muslin are cut off, a very good pearl-edging is added.

The engraving indicates the point lace stitches with sufficient accuracy. The English lace is done with Dick's sewing cotton, No. 70, the Point d'Alençon with Valenciennes, No. 100; the Venetian bars, marking the divisions in the cup of the large flowers, in the same, and the English bars and rosettes, in Valenciennes, No. 160.

OPERA CLOAK.—In form it is a talma. The material is a bright scarlet cloth. A piece of white cloth of the same quality is arranged in graceful waves, inserted about four inches from the bottom of the garment, each edge defined by a narrow moss fringe, in tufts of scarlet and white. A border of fringe, ten inches deep, forms a superb finish to the edge of the garment. The upper portion is arranged in a net-work of small scarlet and white tassels, from which descend groups of long scarlet and white tassels, delicately crimped. A pretty hood forms a finish to the neck. Lapelles of scarlet cloth, ornamented like the bottom of the garment, are folded back, revealing a lining of snowy-white satin. The edge and lapelles are adorned with narrow moss fringe.

NOTE CASE.—It is worked in two pieces, the dark part being leather, and the light fine canvass. It will look well if the leather is a rich deep brown, the work upon it in green, the leaves in satin-stitch, the stem and tendrils in chain-stitch. The centre is worked in the usual way, upon very fine canvass, leaving the ground plain canvass, the flowers in very bright silk, the initials in gold. The case-maker, in mounting, will put the outer and inner lines in gold. The leather must be left rather larger than the engraving, and the two sides of each in one piece. The case will look very well if the dark part is made of velvet, and the white in satin; and it is then a very appropriate wedding present.

THE PORTMONNAIE is worked same as note case. The white dots in centre of flowers must be gold beads; the flowers in bright blue silk; the leaves in yellow green, and the stems in dark green silk.

TRAVELLING BAG.—Materials.—Very coarse canvass, three shades of crimson 8-thread Berlin wool, and black ditto; also a frame on which to mount it. The design of this bag consists of pillars entwined with scrolls, on a black ground. All the squares which are dark in the engraving are to be so in the work. The light squares indicate the lightest shade; the pattern may therefore be worked without trouble. The frames on which these bags are mounted may readily be procured. The upper part and the handles are of leather; the sides of stout calico, properly lined. In mounting it is requisite to remove the handles.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1858.—The very handsome increase of our subscription over last year warrants us in making liberal arrangements for a still further improvement of the "Home Magazine." A reference to the twelve numbers just issued, will satisfy every one as to the uniform beauty and artistic excellence of our various embellishments, none of which fall even to the level of mediocrity, much less below it. Our aim is to give the best as to reading, embellishment, and typography. In all of these we claim that the Home Magazine has been unsurpassed during 1857, and we mean that it shall keep its advance position in 1858. No expense will be spared, and no labor intermitted to accomplish this.

IT MINISTERS TO THE PURE AND NOBLE.—The *Montgomery Times* speaks of our Magazine as "Ministering to the purer and nobler sentiments of our nature in everything, and constantly aiming to make literature a means to that end. Arthur's Magazine has more of such merits as we look for in a cultivated friend, than any publication that we know."

A HOME MAGAZINE.—"This periodical," remarks the *Lansingburg (N. Y.) Gazette*, "is eminently entitled to the name it bears, and is emphatically a Home Magazine." And adds, on another occasion, "There is no Magazine extant which we can recommend with more confidence to the perusal of the family circle. Its pages are fraught with humor without coarseness, chasteness without prudency, and sentiment without mawkishness."

STEADILY IMPROVING.—"We fancy," says the *Spectator*, at Hamilton C. W., speaking of the Home Magazine, "that we can observe improvements in each succeeding number of this excellent serial." No it is not fancy, but fact. The *Signal*, at Dahlo-nega, Ga., bears the same testimony. "As yet we can discern no backward step in this work, but on the contrary, its course seems onward." And will still be onward.

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.—The *Shelbyville (Ky.) News* says: "The contents and illustrations are better than usual. ARTHUR has become a household word, and no mother should be without this popular Magazine. The patterns for embroidery exceed any that have made their appearance in the fashion world as yet."

UP TO OUR STANDARD.—The *Kenosha (Wis.) Telegraph* says of the Home Magazine: "The literary contents as well as the embellishments are up to the high standard of excellence which the publishers have set for themselves, and few have a higher standard."

THE BEST.—So says the *Republican*, at Marion Station, Miss.: "It is decidedly the best Family Magazine now published."

THE JANUARY NUMBER.—Send for a specimen copy of this early, to show to your friends, and make up clubs. It will be a charming number. The colored fashion plate, for exquisite grace of figure, beauty of costume, fitness of coloring, and purity of taste, is unsurpassed. It is a gem in its way. So is the Steel plate. Among the needle work engravings will be found a rare variety of patterns.

OUR COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATES.—These, for beauty, accuracy, finish, and delicate arrangement of color, have on all hands been pronounced superior to those issued by any other Magazine. They are produced in New York, under the supervision of Genio C. Scott, who promises to give them even more especial attention during next year.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE.—So says the *Lancaster (S. C.) Ledger*: "This is the cheapest Magazine published in America. Its cheapness is not confined merely to dollars and cents, but for the price, a larger amount of healthy reading is given than in any other monthly."

A MODEL MAGAZINE.—According to the *Chicago Budget*, "The Home Magazine is a model specimen of a monthly publication. It is pure and classical."

IT SHOULD ADORN THE TABLE OF EVERY LADY IN THE LAND.—"This Magazine," says the *Fort Plains, (N. Y.) Register*, "should adorn the table of every lady in the land." Our own opinion.

SPECIMEN NUMBER.—Specimen numbers of the Home Magazine will be sent without charge to all who wish to make up clubs. Write, and a number will be forwarded immediately.

CLUBS.—Make up your clubs early, and give us an increase on every one of them. Let the "Home Magazine" lead the list everywhere for the coming year.

SEWING MACHINES.—The editor of the *American Agriculturist*, speaking of these new family indispensables, says: "As to the best kind of sewing machines, we are loth to say a word, and have no interest in doing so. There are three, perhaps four kinds now before the public, either of which is better than no kind. We have found none of them sold at less than \$85 to \$100 and upward, which we considered worth buying. Wheeler & Wilson's, Singer's, and Grover & Baker's machines, all work under Howe's patent, and are, so far, the best machines made, we think. We were interested in witnessing the operation of Robinson & Roper's, but not enough to give it any preference over the others. For our own family use, we became fully satisfied that Grover & Baker's machine is the best, and we accordingly purchased it."

Editors' Department.

THE RIDE DOWN HILL.

It was a raw, sharp day, and the sky was of a cold, steel-blue color, and the wind was rushing down fierce and wild from the North. But the boys—the boys on the hill, at recess that day—didn't care a fig for the wind or the cold. It had been snowing all the night before, and the low farm fences were half hidden in the white coating, and the roof of the red-brown school house wore the thick sheeting of December.

But the boys never stopped to consider how picturesque it looked, squatted down on one side of the hill, with its small windows and low chimney, out of whose mouth the smoke was rolling in clouds, soft and gray as those of a dim Autumn morning.

And no matter if you are an old man this day, with the gray hairs of fourscore years on your forehead, the light of your youth would have kindled in your dim eyes, and the blood have leaped in your veins, if you could have heard the shouts of those boys, and seen them as they swept down the hill on their newly painted sleds. They glanced by, swift as lightning, on the long, smooth road, and oh, what rare fun it was when one overturned in the snow, or the wind very unceremoniously caught off somebody's hat, and set it down in the hollow, or lodged it in some scraggy bough, where it was a desperate risk of neck and limbs to venture after it.

The boys took little notice of him, the stranger that stood on the hill top, watching them with such an eager gaze; and sometimes he would laugh out loudly, as half-a-dozen boys upset and went tumbling over each other in the snow; but if you had stood very near him, you would have seen his face darken mournfully, as the voices of his youth woke up and called out to him. World-tossed, and world-weary, he stood there, in the prime of his years, while the old, happy days of his boyhood rose up from their deep burial places in his heart to shake hands with him.

There stood the old school house, with the very door through which he had passed so many bright Summer mornings, with his pockets full of marbles and his head full of mischief. It seems but yesterday since he sat there, close by the window that looked out on the wheat field and the far-off hills, and he was studying his lesson with the boy that sat next to him, or peeping over the book at the row of pretty girls that sat opposite, and making them laugh when the teacher's back was turned.

He wondered, too, if the old stove stood in the same corner, and if the girls' faces were as fair now as those that shone down on him from the far country of his boyhood; and if the teacher's desk still stood in the centre of the room, with the tall chair before it which he used to mount on stormy days, when he carried his dinner, and "played school."

And far beyond that the heart of the man went back to the time when his young mother used to lead him every morning to the garden gate, and watch until he was out of sight, on his way to the school house—that same old red school house! But the grave yard was less than a mile beyond, and more than a score of times had the Spring grasses woke up to the call of the sunshine, since she last stood by that garden gate, and smiled down on him as none but a mother ever can smile on her boy. Oh, it was not the North wind, but the wind blowing up fresh from the "long-gone years," that made his eyes dim with tears—tears that were an honor to his manhood!

And looking down on that company of bright young faces, the stranger saw many likenesses, and he knew that these were the children of the boys and girls that used to go to school with him; and his heart warmed over them.

But he sighed as the memory of other faces rose before him—faces that used to brighten that old school house, and that were wandering now in far off lands, or sleeping in strange graves, or under wildly-rushing seas, or, mayhaps, in pleasant country burial places, where the singing birds came, and loving hands planted flowers every Summer.

"See here, my boy, will you lend me your sled a moment?"

The stranger called out to a bright-faced little fellow, who stared at him in bewildered astonishment, and said, "Yes sir," with eyes full of childish curiosity and wonder.

And the man threw himself on the sled, and the sled plunged down the hill, just as it did in the days that had come back to talk with him once more. The boys stood still a moment and watched him; but the man, he, too, was a boy again; and his laugh was as loud, and his shout as gay as theirs, and they soon caught the infection, and joined him; and the sleds went up and down the hill, and the merriest boy in the group was the man among them.

But the bell rang, just as it used to ring, and the boys scampered off to the school room, and the stranger was left alone, and the fair years of his youth faded slowly away from him, as the sweet faces of the stars fade mournfully, in Summer mornings, from the sky; and the wind that dashed across his forehead was no longer the wind of his boyhood, for he was a man again, with the care, and the strife, and the responsibility of manhood pressing hard upon him.

And he turned and gazed once more, with a smile, half mournful, half tender, at the old school house, at the snow-crowned hill, and the farm house lying beyond, and then he turned away, murmuring to himself: "Well, I've been a boy for the last half hour, and I shan't be a worse man for it in the year to come."

CHARITY TOWARDS THE DEAD.

WE copy, with approval, the following remarks on the text, "Speak no evil of the dead," from the *Ledger*, of our city. They embody our own views so entirely, that we give them a place in our Editorial Department. There is a charity towards the living, which ought never to be forgotten in the usual indiscriminate laudation of the dead. To assign virtues to an unscrupulous assailant of others' rights and virtues, simply because death has taken from him the power any longer directly to injure his neighbor in the sphere of natural life, is to do evil to the living, who may be suffering from his falsehoods and assaults:

"When the grave has closed over a man, the rancor and prejudice with which his enemies have regarded him should be laid aside; his actions should be regarded impartially; he should have justice leniently administered to him. If there is a doubt as to his criminality in anything, he should be allowed the advantage of the doubt. But he should not be held up as a paragon of virtue, in the face of facts that speak, trumpet-tongued, to the contrary. Public sentiment is vicious, we fear, on the side of too much charity. Every murderer who professes to repent on the gallows is pronounced a saint. Men whose entire lives have been a violation of the golden rule, are whitewashed after death, by social circles, and by the public press, and, in consequence, one of the sharpest penalties of wrongdoing has practically come to be abolished.

"Advantage is continually being taken of this false notion, that nothing but praise must be spoken of the dead. Evil men are hardly in their coffins, before their confederates go about praising them for virtues which they never had, and denouncing all persons who venture on a contradiction as profaning the sanctity of the grave. Newspapers are filled with fulsome eulogies, to which honest men dare not reply. In the eyes of the public at large, a bad man thus obtains, not unfrequently, a reputation which one really good is denied. A miser, an oppressor of the poor, a cheat, a liar, a knave, a coward, or a hypocrite gets a name in this way, among those who did not know him, for all the virtues in the calendar. It is time, we think, that there was a reform. True ethics never demand that we should practice towards the dead, or anybody else, the *'suppression veri,'* one of the worst forms of falsehood."

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING.

THIS is the title of a richly illustrated volume, by Mr. James T. Barclay, about to be published in this city by James Challen and Son. The work will come with peculiar attractions to all readers who are interested in Biblical literature, as Mr. Barclay, during many years' residence in Palestine, gained access to sources of information but rarely opened. His daughter is the only Christian who has yet penetrated to the Tomb of David; an achievement perilous in the extreme, as her life would have been the forfeit had the superstitious Mussulmen discovered her in that sacred place. While within the small chamber containing the Sarcophagus, she made a drawing of the interior, an engraving from which will adorn the volume. It will also contain Miss Barclay's account of her remarkable ad-

venture. From a proof sheet before us, we take this brief description:

"The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but is furnished very gorgeously. The tomb is apparently an immense sarcophagus of rough stone, and is covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. To this a piece of black velvet is attached, with a few inscriptions from the Koran, embroidered also in gold. A satin canopy of red, blue, green and yellow stripes hangs over the tomb; and another piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, covers a door in one end of the room, which they said leads to a cave underneath. Two tall silver candlesticks stand before this door, and a little lamp hangs in a window near it, which is kept constantly burning, and whose wick, though saturated with oil—and I dare say a most nauseous dose—my devotional companion eagerly swallowed, muttering to herself a prayer, with many a genuflection. She then, in addition to their usual forms of prayer, prostrated herself before the tomb, raised the covering, pressed her forehead to the stone, and then kissed it many times. The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered with blue porcelain, in floral figures. Having remained here an hour or more, and completed my sketch, we left; and great was my rejoicing when I found myself once more at home, out of danger, and still better, out of my awkward costume."

DECEMBER!

It is with us again, though the web of the year has flashed so swiftly through Time's loom that we can hardly believe "the Winter has come." But the year has been a most generous one, for though her Spring was dark with ceaseless storms, and her Summer brief and cold, yet her hands were crowded with mighty harvests, and her Autumn with abundant fruits. Oh year, most bountiful and generous, if men have brought down sore affliction on themselves, and are reaping the "seed sown to the whirlwind." Nowhere, as we feared a few months ago, shall the little children cry for bread because there is a "famine in the land," because thou hast not heaped the granaries with grain, and piled the orchards with thy royal gifts! All honor to thee, old year! Thou hast "well done" in thy day and generation. Now fold thy white robes peacefully about thee, and lie down hoary and gray on the breast of December, to die.

V. F. T.

A HINT TO HUSBANDS.

WE find, in "Notes and Queries," a paragraph that may be called amusing as well as instructing. It is given as a hint to husbands, but will answer for wives as well. The writer says: "As all bonnets take, it is admitted, *five minutes* to put on, and as in practice it is found that most of them require considerably *more* than that time, 'husbands in waiting' will do well to follow the example of the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, who, finding that his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to devote the time to writing a book on jurisprudence, and putting the project in execution, in course of time produced a work in four quarto volumes."

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

It tells its own story, dear reader, so well, that on first looking at it we almost felt we had better throw our pen aside, and let the picture speak to you—the picture with its serene Sabbath voices, with its blue Summer sky sifted over with white clouds, with its old elms torn and scarred with the storms of many years, with its faces of childhood, and youth, and old age, and alas! alas! with its graveyard, its stones, and the mourners thereof.

"The Country Church." Oh, is there anything on the fair face of the earth at once so touching, so suggestive as this! Under those old brown stone arches, have fair young brides gone forth in all the flush and grace of their bridal loveliness, with their hearts beating high to the sweet tunes of the future years, and there too, the dead have been carried out, slow and solemn amid many tears and breaking hearts. Over those old steps for a century of Sabbath mornings have young maidens tripped lightly, and old age tottered feebly, and little children walked with the sweet faces that have something still left of the peace and joy of the angels.

Does your heart beat quick, and do your eyes grow dim, reader, looking at this picture? If your childhood was so blessed as to have its setting in the country, if your memory has its golden sheaf of calm Sabbaths in some village church, then the group before you will have a charm, and an interest they could not have otherwise.

There is the old Grandmother, with her grey hairs and feeble footsteps, leaning heavily on the arm of her youngest daughter, as she comes once more to worship at the church, where many many years ago they carried her, a wondering little babe, to the baptismal font, and before whose altar they crowned her, in her young girlhood, with the name of wife.

There are her laughing-faced grandchildren, with their hymn and Sabbath school books tucked under their arms, and tied around their necks, and there is the mother with her gentle chidings and matronly face, her heart full of pride and love, and her eyes full of watchfulness, as village mothers usually are.

You know at once that the couple on the right are coming to church in the first Sabbath of their honeymoon, by the white garments of the bride, and the shy glance that steals up through all the joy of her blue eyes, and the timid grace with which she lifts her hand to take the bouquet of pinks and roses which some village swain has gathered for her.

Then, there are the children on the grass in the foreground, too young to share the grief of their parents who stand with bowed heads over the newly made grave in the distance.

And over all this, sweet and solemn, float the hebdomadal voices of the church bells, the one blessed "call to God" amid all the calls of this world.

Blessed old Country Churches! scattered everywhere throughout the land, pictures and poems, and prayers are ye all!

V. F. T.

MR. DEMPSTER.

For more than twenty years, Mr. Dempster has been giving his delightful ballad entertainments in this country, and still an announcement of one of his concerts is certain to draw a good house. Stars of the first and second magnitude have risen and set during the time, but still our modest singer has warbled on—not for the ear only, but for the affections, and his songs are in the hearts of the people. He need ask no higher fame.

Oh, Love, Love, Love, the same in peasant and in peer! The more honor to you, then, old Love, to be the same thing in this world which is common to peasant and to peer! They say that you are blind, a dreamer, an exaggerator, a liar, in short. They know just nothing about you, then. You will not see people as they seem, and as they have become, no doubt, but why? Because you see them as they ought to be, and are in some deep way, eternally, in the sight of Him who conceived and created them.

IS NOT THIS BEAUTIFUL.—"Nothing ever grows old in memory; the little boy that died so long ago, is an eternal child; and even as he crept over the threshold of God's gates ajar, at the beckoning of the Lord, so ever in the heart his parting look, with Heaven shining full upon his brow, remains untouched by time, even as the unrent sky that let the wanderer in."

THE BEST REMEDY FOR LOW SPIRITS in these "hard times," is to keep the mind busy about something. You have still food, raiment, a home and friends—these are the real comforts of life, and if with these and a clear conscience, you cannot be happy, the case is hopeless.

FOR SENSIBLE HINTS on the art of preserving the body in good condition, and setting the doctor at defiance, we recommend "*Hall's Journal of Health*." It is decidedly the best work of the kind we have seen. Only one dollar a year. Published in the city of New York.

CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR, died in London, on the 10th of October. He was a native of New York, but has resided in Rome for over twenty years, in the prosecution of his art. He has left behind many noble works.

QUAINT OLD FULLER SAYS:—"Lethim who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

A PURE MINDED, truthful, virtuous young man, is sure to win his way to an honorable position in the world, if with these qualities are united a purpose and energy.

YOUNG MAN just entering the world, take into your memory this piece of good advice: "Never be ashamed to pass for just what you truly are, and who you are, and you are on solid ground."

FOR YOUR WIFE, DAUGHTER, SISTER, OR FRIEND!

**ARTHUR'S
LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, 1858,**
VOLS. XI and XII.

**A STEEL PLATE, AND COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE IN EVERY NUMBER!
IMPROVEMENTS AND INCREASED ATTRACTIONS!**

The largely increased subscription of the HOME MAGAZINE, in 1857, warrants the publishers in adding new attractions and valuable improvements to the coming volumes, and they are determined to make it, for the price, the best Magazine, in all respects, in the country. The Editors,

T. S. ARTHUR
AND
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

will not only continue to furnish its pages with the best productions of their pens, but will give to all parts of the work a most careful supervision, so that its literary tone will be of the highest and purest character.

THE EXQUISITELY COLORED FASHION PLATES,
which have met with such universal approval, and which have been pronounced, on all hands, the most accurate and beautiful that have appeared, will be continued during the coming year. They are prepared in New York, especially for the HOME MAGAZINE, under the supervision of Genio C. Scott, so widely known for his discriminating taste in matters of fashion, and represent truly the PREVAILING STYLE OF DRESS IN PARIS AND NEW YORK. His CURRENT NOTES OF FASHION will also be continued every month, so that the HOME MAGAZINE, besides its high claims as a literary periodical, which all admit, will be

A STANDARD OF TASTE IN DRESS.

We have completed arrangements for giving in
THE NEEDLE-WORK DEPARTMENT
a richer variety of patterns than ever. Miss Townsend will still furnish for

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
her beautiful moral stories, that win all hearts, old and young, by the charm of their sweet persuasions; while in

THE MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT
will be offered aids and suggestions as aforetime, to those who seek earnestly the high good of the little ones who cluster around them.

**FOR VARIETY, INTEREST, USEFULNESS, AND SPECIAL ADAPTATION TO
THE HOME CIRCLES OF OUR LAND,**

the HOME MAGAZINE will come with peculiar attractions not to be found in any other work of the kind.

Take it for your wife, your sister, your daughter, or your friend. It will go at your bidding as a messenger of things pure, lovely, and of good report, making hearts happier, and lifting thoughts upward into serenest atmospheres.

TERMS.—One copy for one year, \$2; two copies for one year, \$3;
Four copies for one year, \$5.

All additional subscribers above four, at the same rate, that is, \$1.25 per annum. Where twelve subscribers, and \$15 are sent, the getter up of the club will be entitled to an additional copy of the Magazine. *Specimens furnished to all who wish to subscribe or to make up Clubs. Address*

T. S. ARTHUR, & CO.

103 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.

Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, \$3.50. Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$3.50. Home Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$6.

The January number of the Home Magazine will be ready, as a *Specimen*, on the first of December. Let all who desire a good Magazine for 1858, be sure to see a copy before subscribing for any other periodical.

Write for a number, and it will be sent free.

